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THE WORLD'S first reaction to Hitler's bold rearmament program has been encouragingly moderate and statesmanlike. Great Britain has addressed a note of perfunctory protest asking whether the Reich was still willing to discuss such questions as the Eastern Locarno and a general armament pact. Having received an affirmative reply in record-breaking time, it is announced that Sir John Simon will make his trip to Berlin as planned. France is expected to file a formal protest, but is reported to be concentrating on plans for a new armament conference to which Germany would be admitted as an equal. While the seriousness of Germany's move is not discounted, there is a tendency everywhere to recognize it as a *fait accompli*. The main issue remains exactly what it was before Hitler made his dramatic gesture: Can Germany be brought into Europe's collective system of security, or must it be treated as a pariah among nations? Surrounded by an ever-tightening ring of hostile nations, Germany's own need for security has obviously increased. Whether the resurgence of nationalistic feeling brought about by the success of Hitler's coup will allow such action is, however, an open question. Unquestionably the danger of a competitive race in armaments has been increased. But as a reaction to this menace, there is the prospect of greatly increased cooperation between the Soviet Union and the Western powers, a development which virtually assures peace in Europe as long as it can be maintained.

M. LITVINOV'S hint that military forces may soon be withdrawn from both sides of the Soviet-Manchoukuo frontier is welcome confirmation of the belief that the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway has removed the chief source of friction in the Far East. If war is finally averted in this area, credit must be given both to the skill of Soviet diplomacy and to the strength of the Red Army. Even in Tokyo it is admitted that the basic cause for the change in the Japanese attitude lies in the recognition of the virtual impregnability of the Soviet defenses in Siberia. Japan has particular reason to fear that in the event of war aerial bombardment would cause huge damage to its inflammable cities. Moreover, it has apparently recognized, somewhat belatedly, that even if it were the victor in such a contest the reward could scarcely equal the cost, while defeat would mean the destruction of the Japanese Empire. Since negotiations on the sale of the railway have been on the verge of completion for several months, it may be assumed that the improved outlook in the East is not to be attributed, even indirectly, to the new crisis in Europe. Nevertheless, the fact that there is no longer immediate danger of invasion by Japan should greatly strengthen Moscow in dealing with Hitler's latest challenge.

THE REVOLT of the Cuban people against Mendieta has been put down with a ruthlessness that surpasses even the notorious butchery of Machado. For a few hours it looked as if the general strike might succeed. Schools and government offices were closed, transportation was interrupted, and private business at a standstill. Then the full force of the army was called into action to break the strike. Workers were driven back to their jobs at the point of the bayonet; those who refused were arrested or, in some instances, shot in cold blood. Bodies have been found on the streets of Havana with as many as forty bullet wounds, apparent victims of the "law of flight." With all constitutional guaranties suspended, homes were raided and hundreds of arrests made of men suspected of sympathy with the strikers. For the first time in Cuba's history civilians are being tried by military court martial, where even the death sentence is not subject to review. The labor unions which participated in the strike have been dissolved and their funds seized by the government. Universities and industrial schools have been closed by presidential decree. As the result of these terrorist methods the American-picked Mendieta has unquestionably strengthened his position. At the same time, he has apparently succeeded in uniting all the divergent and even hostile factions which oppose him. It is difficult to believe that Mendieta will succeed as a dictator where Machado failed. The fact is that he probably could not hold office a week without the active support of the United States. For while it is to the credit of the Administration that no American troops were used in putting down the re-

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volt, it is significant that Mendieta is the man whom we recognized with such unseemly haste, after refusing for four months to recognize his predecessor, and there has been no mention of withdrawing that recognition despite his admitted inability to maintain power by constitutional means.

THE WAGNER LABOR BILL is not arousing enough enthusiasm in the Senate to justify a prediction that it will pass, and we are informed that its chances are not favorable. The sudden about-face of Senator Wagner on the prevailing-wage clause in the work-relief bill looked as though it might be his contribution to a bargain with the Administration in return for its support of his labor bill. But no bargain has been made, and whatever hints of help the Senator has been given are neither binding nor substantial. The White House will not put its weight behind this bill, and is content to let itself appear friendly to it through Miss Perkins. Madam Secretary, however, tempered her advocacy by urging that the National Labor Relations Board, if continued, remain administratively under the Department of Labor, a principle contested by Chairman Biddle and ex-Chairman Garrison. The only reason we can see for not giving the board utter independence is the poor one that control over it increases the power of the Secretary. The one startling development in last week's Senate hearing was that William Green of the A. F. of L. sided with Miss Perkins on this point. This also looked like a possible deal for Administration support but it is not so regarded in Washington. The interpretation there is that the A. F. of L. dreams of having one of its officials named Secretary of Labor. This possibility is another argument for an independent board.

UNLESS THERE IS MORE behind the conflict between Governor Davey of Ohio and Relief Administrator Hopkins than appears on the surface, the public will wonder why the flag of political purity should have been run up only in Ohio. The charge against the Governor is that the funds for his campaign were raised by contributions solicited from business firms selling supplies to the state relief administration. The FERA has taken over the entire administration of relief in Ohio. The issue is a splendid one, and we are all on the side of Mr. Hopkins. But we wish to see it fought out everywhere. It goes to the root of political corruption in that parties have to raise funds somehow and as a rule receive them from persons who make donations in self-interest. The Ohio merchants and manufacturers who were to earn a presumably legitimate profit by selling supplies to the relief administration are no different from ninety-nine out of a hundred contributors to party funds in general, not even from wealthy nitwits who make handsome contributions in hopes of becoming ambassadors. If Mr. Hopkins had talked over the Ohio situation with that prince of realists, Mr. Farley, we imagine he would have been advised to be more interested in feeding the poor than in disinfecting campaign contributions. Mr. Hopkins in his press conference at Washington stressed the fact that he had not consulted Mr. Farley. We believe him. Governor Davey, outraged at having his morality in politics described as sinful, is trying to lure Mr. Hopkins to Ohio to defend a suit for criminal libel. If he cares much about purity he ought to go.

THE WAR between science and religion is an old story, but now science has a more newsy war on its hands. It is with agricultural production. Its first skirmish is now scenting the halls of Congress with gunpowder. The Bureau of Home Economics of the Department of Agriculture is the scientific battalion under attack. In drawing up a recommended dietary scheme for various incomes it had the impiety to suggest that as the means of a citizen increase he should cut down the relative amount of cereals in his diet and spend more on fruit and vegetables. The millers of America, already sensitive about the drift from carbohydrates in the nation's tastes, at once swarmed to the attack. They backed an amendment to the appropriation bill of the Department of Agriculture which provided that no money shall be paid to an employee who asserts "that it is harmful or undesirable to use any wholesome agricultural food commodity or any manufacture thereof." By the time the amendment reached the floor of the House the warriors of science had added a clause sanctioning assertions about balanced diets. The divine-right agriculturists fought to delete this but they lost. Science, however, was not strong enough to kill the absurd amendment altogether. The battle now shifts to the Senate, where the agriculturists hope to put a stop to the government's suggesting to people that white flour and other cereals are not good for them in any quantity they can buy and stuff down.

WE UNDERSTAND that in Racine, Wisconsin, every newsstand copy of *The Nation* of February 27 was bought up almost as soon as it appeared. We wish we could take this phenomenon as a sign of our popularity in the Land of the Progressives, but we have convincing reasons for believing that the copies were bought not only by eager readers but by certain important persons bent on thwarting eager readers. It was that issue which contained the sensational but true account by Hans Christian of the downfall and capture of Nick Bins, kidnapper of Communists, who was shown to have had the active help of the town officials in his work of running the reds out of Racine territory. According to the Federated Press, copies of that issue of *The Nation* are still available at the office of the Racine *Day,* the labor weekly. We extend our thanks to the *Day* for its cooperation; in case the supply runs short we can supply additional copies by return mail. Mr. Christian's article, by the way, closed with the following sentences: "A weighty file of evidence showing the need for a special prosecutor in the Bins affair was presented to Governor Philip La Follette by a committee of the League Against Fascism. He granted a long and courteous audience—and promised nothing." It is a sign of the widespread interest in Governor La Follette that we have received letters inquiring what, if anything, he has done in the case of Nick Bins. So far, we regret to say, we are unable to give a satisfactory answer.

THE MENTALITY of a section of American trade unionism is revealed by the action of the United Mine Workers in supporting Senator Guffey's bill to "stabilize" the bituminous-coal industry. To be sure, the bill appears to provide the machinery of government control in establishing a National Bituminous Coal Commission. In substance, however, it aims at cartelization, frank, complete, and unqualified. The bill authorizes a National Coal Producers'

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Board to allocate maximum tonnage quotas to twenty-four separate districts. Several district coal producers' boards, in turn, allot quotas to each of the mines operating within their districts. No one can open a new mine or, indeed, enter the industry except upon a finding by the National Commission that "market requirements" justify such action in the public interest. Minimum f. o. b. coal prices, determined by "average production costs," are to be set by the district boards. The National Commission passes not upon minimum but upon maximum price schedules, as submitted to it by the district boards. The commission must at all times take care to establish prices which are sufficient to provide "a fair return" on the investment. To preserve to each district the ownership of its own markets, the various district boards may get together to "correlate" prices. In order to qualify for the benefits of the code, producers must observe a set of collective-bargaining requirements similar, in effect, to those of Section 7-a. Apparatus for the adjustment of labor relations is also to be established. Here, of course, is where the U. M. W. A. stakes its claim. For the sake of strengthening its position with respect to independent labor organizations on the one hand and anti-union operators on the other, Mr. Lewis's union is prepared to fasten a full-fledged monopoly upon the American consuming public. Bituminous coal is an industry which is no doubt sick from a surfeit of competition. But it does not follow that coal producers should be given monopolistic powers.

WE HAVE BEEN CONSCIOUS of the absence of such things as jobs, money, foreign trade, disarmament, peace, and visible house numbers, but it remained for the Daughters of the American Revolution (New Jersey Society) to direct our attention to the absence of flagpoles on federal buildings. Being fundamentalists, the ladies found a first cause: this distressing condition is the result of "insidious propaganda" which presumably has found its way into the brains of official architects, causing them to make "a change in the design of federal buildings, which have been recently erected with no provision for flagpoles." There ought to be a law, said the D. A. R., requiring all federal buildings to fly the American flag "every day in the year except on Sundays or in rainy or stormy weather." We should go much farther. We should make it mandatory for all official architects to graduate from the school for patriots recently projected by Colonel William A. Mitchell of West Point. At a dinner of the New York Society of the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America, the Colonel asked the establishment of a civilian college that would teach unquestioning patriotism along with academic subjects and immediately discharge all students with "any ideas to the contrary." Its trustees would be chosen from the various patriotic societies, and its purpose would be to counteract the sort of vicious organized propaganda that causes architects to leave flagpoles off public buildings. Meanwhile, until the first class can be graduated, we suggest that all D. A. R. members be equipped with flagpoles and required to run up a flag at sunrise every day.

FOLLOWING CHARGES by the American Association of University Professors that freedom of speech was a purely academic privilege at the University of Pittsburgh, the Pennsylvania legislature has decided to lift the American-renaissance lid of Andrew W. Mellon's Cathedral of Learning to see what makes it tick. The university gets its chief financial support from the Smoky City's steel and oil barons, but as it is not averse to accepting state aid also, it must explain the circumstances surrounding the resignation of Professor Ralph E. Turner and eighty-three other professors during the past five years. Chancellor John G. Bowman has explained that Professor Turner was forced to leave because he had criticized organized religion in the classroom. But the investigators for the A. A. U. P. learned otherwise. The Chancellor admitted, their report says, that Dr. Turner was not told that his contract would not be renewed until a month after the normal time for such action, because "the university was just starting another campaign for money to complete the Cathedral of Learning and the trustees did not want to be embarrassed by the undesirable publicity which they feared might be caused by Dr. Turner's dismissal." The report also finds it significant that it was not until Dr. Turner became active in the work of the Pennsylvania Security League, a liberal, pro-labor, pro-consumer organization seeking progressive legislation, that his position was jeopardized, and quotes Dr. Bowman as saying that Dr. Turner was one of Pitt's "ten best" teachers. The report points out that Dr. Bowman at no time mentioned religion to Dr. Turner, even when the latter asked point-blank why he had been fired. The testimony of scores of Pitt teachers finally impelled the lower house of the legislature to vote a five-man inquiry into conditions at the university, which may reveal many more interesting details.

BECAUSE THEY DID NOT OBEY an injunction ordering them to rescind their strike order at the Glen Alden Coal Company's shafts, forty officials of the United Anthracite Miners of Pennsylvania and their relatives, including three women, have been sentenced to indeterminate jail terms for contempt of court in Wilkes-Barre. The court order is the climax of more than two years of bloody warfare in the anthracite fields. But like other uninspired attempts at arbitration, it has failed to end the strike or solve the difficult situation. Indeed, sentence had hardly been passed upon the union leaders when a fresh outbreak of dynamiting occurred in the Wilkes-Barre area, and a railroad bridge across the Susquehanna was badly damaged. The rebel union's answer to the Glen Alden injunction and the court's action is to broaden its activities, and it is now drumming up considerable support for a general strike in the anthracite region. From all indications in Wilkes-Barre it is well able to swing such a strike. If it succeeds in doing so, more than 30,000 angry miners will walk out—and with justification. The injunction itself, issued by Judge W. A. Valentine, is one of the most grossly unfair ever issued. To rescind the Glen Alden strike order, as the rebel chiefs have pointed out to the court, is beyond their powers. Moreover, the insurgent miners have had no official reply to their request for National Labor Board elections to determine whether they are actually a majority in the Wilkes-Barre district, as they claim. Such elections were vetoed by the Anthracite Conciliation Board, which for thirty years, the strikers charge, has been playing the game of the operators. If a general crisis is to be averted the federal government must act. The least it can do is investigate the union's charges against the Anthracite Conciliation Board.

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Hitler Liquidates Versailles

ADOLF HITLER has administered the *coup de grâce* to what remained of the authority of the Versailles treaty. By a dramatic act he has officially announced what everybody knew was under way—the complete rearming of Germany—and has capped it by an impressive military parade down Unter den Linden. The master showman of Europe has not only thrilled the German people and fortified himself more strongly than ever by his announcement that Germany, by its own act, has struck off the chains of Versailles; he has administered a bitter dose of humiliation to the former Allies and victors. By their own words he has convicted them, exhibited anew their failure to live up to their own promises to disarm, and upon that basis justified the arming of the German nation in complete defiance of its treaty obligations. It is an act as bold as it is defiant. And it is a challenge to the Allies which destroys the world of illusion in which they have been living and compels them to decide what their attitude is to be toward a Germany far better armed and trained and far more militaristic than the pre-war empire.

Once more the mills of the gods have ground not so slowly but exceeding fine. The peace of vengeance, of arrogance, of hypocrisy, created by a little group of five men behind closed doors and offered to the Germans as a *fait accompli* which they had nothing to do but to sign, has avenged itself upon its makers. Today it is Germany which is on top. The successors of the Big Five or Four, excluding America, are face to face with the alternatives of accepting the new situation in Germany and encircling that country with an iron ring, or resorting to measures short of war which may lead to war. That they will choose the latter we cannot believe. A Clemenceau, a Foch, a Poincaré might have been tigerish enough to have attempted it; fortunately for the world their successors are not of their type. Indeed, as they contemplate the admitted fact that Hitler's rise really dates from the day of the illegal and uncalled-for French invasion of the Ruhr, they ought to realize pretty clearly just how far force gets them. But nothing can conceal from the world today the fact that the allied nations through their own blunders have been undone and humiliated by a simple defiance on the part of the country which was supposed to have been demilitarized, disarmed, and disinfected of its militaristic germs for all time.

So today the dictator has achieved what he was after. From the very beginning the Allies have behaved as if they were planning to help Hitler to intrench himself in the regard of the misguided German people. What assurance have they that Hitler will not go a step farther when the time is ripe and undo the territorial provisions of the Treaty of Versailles? So the little and weak men who now guide the destinies of France, England, and Belgium, together with Mussolini, must now take a decision fraught with the most vital consequences not only for Germany but for all Europe. If they accept Germany's new armament, which is to be larger and much more powerful than that of 1914, with even the youth of Germany in arms, then we have the picture of a Europe in the grip of ever-increasing armaments and military preparations, which Stanley Baldwin has declared must lead inevitably to the bankruptcy of some countries and to a war which our civilization could not survive. The encirclement of Germany may easily come to pass. What will that accomplish? It means ultimately greater hate and suspicion and distrust. The one way out the Allied statesmen will not take. They will not confess their errors, their follies, and their stupidities and agree even now with Germany to a 50 per cent or 75 per cent reduction of armaments. If they did do this, they could not deny it if Hitler should then roar to the German people that he had compelled them to do what they had failed to do of their own free will.

So we have now the complete and final demonstration of the futility of the World War and its unparalleled slaughter; of the utter failure of force and violence and death by the million to change men's minds and philosophies. Who recalls Woodrow Wilson's thanksgiving for our victory, written on November 16, 1918? "God has in his good pleasure given us peace. It has not come as a mere cessation of arms, a mere relief from the strain and tragedy of war. It has come as a great triumph of right. Complete victory has brought us, not peace alone, but the confident promise of a new day as well, in which justice shall replace force and jealous intrigue among the nations." Never was there a more pathetic, more mistaken interpretation of a great event. The war did not end in 1918, for it was not ended in the souls of Woodrow Wilson and the others who made the peace. It may persist many more than sixteen years to come unless sanity returns to the world. Hitler may, indeed, drive Stalin, and Ramsay MacDonald, and Flandin, and Mussolini into a tight embrace. They cannot guarantee peace today. They have learned nothing from the results of the application to the German people of what Mr. Wilson described as "force without stint."

Our readers will perhaps pardon us if we reprint certain words that appeared in our editorial columns of May 17, 1919, immediately after the publication of the now dead Treaty of Versailles:

> Such is the treaty which is to end a war fought to overthrow autocracy and militarism, and to enthrone democracy and peace. . . . The heinousness of its offending, the calculating harshness of its demands and impositions, the gross repudiation of moral obligations and good faith which it involves, its gross injustice to the Allied peoples themselves and to their moral standing, become only the more apparent as its terms are studied. It is a peace of vengeance, not of justice. . . . What will be the fate of Germany if the treaty prevails is, however, quite the least important aspect of the matter; the great and startling question now is what will be the fate of democracy, of political and economic liberty, of morals and ideals. . . . The meaning of the treaty is obvious. After nearly five years of strenuous effort and high expectancy, the hopes of the peoples have been destroyed.

Let Hitler, let Mussolini, let Stalin testify to the correctness of those words, which bore the caption "The Madness of Versailles."

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The Case of Mr. Strachey

THE legislation permitting deportation of radical aliens is so drawn as to allow the Commissioner of Immigration free play for all his metaphysical potentialities. For the law provides that he may deport an alien "*who believes in* . . . the overthrow by force or violence of the government of the United States." Commissioner MacCormack, in the case of John Strachey, now awaiting a hearing on deportation charges, does not know that he believes, specifically, in the overthrow of the government of the United States. All he knows is a single belief, from which leads a labyrinth of deductions. It begins with Strachey's acceptance of the desirability of communism, proceeds to communism being based on the class struggle, then to the class struggle ending in the seizure of power, this taking place in all capitalist states, hence (among others) in the United States, hence in John Strachey believing in the overthrow of the government of the United States by force or violence. Whether or not John Strachey believes specifically in the overthrow of the government of the United States is an issue which, so far as the Commissioner is concerned, need not arise. If he believes in communism, he is led through the labyrinthine postulates and becomes deportable under the law. The Commissioner supports his web of reasoning on two assertions by Mr. Strachey, one of these his phrase "We Communists," the other, "I am a peddler of Marxism, not of pink pills." The Commissioner dismisses as frivolous Mr. Strachey's distinction between being a Communist in theory and being a member of the party, a Communist in action. Yet the distinction is fundamental so far as the law is concerned. Many a man believes in the inevitability of the coming of communism (hence of revolutions), approves of it, and prefers not to take any illegal action to hasten its coming. The Commissioner, however, will not honor such a preference. If a man considers something inevitable and desirable, he treats him as though he were going to act illegally to assist it.

The labyrinthine method of judging non-democratic aliens sets up a queer legal principle. Let us see how it would apply to others than Mr. Strachey—for example, the fascists of the Casa Italiana at Columbia University. They are aliens, they are fascists. Fascism stands for the overthrow of democratic government, hence of all democratic government, hence of the government of the United States; fascism also believes in the use of violence; fascists, therefore, believe in the overthrow of the government of the United States by violence. The Italian professors are using the Casa Italiana as a center for making propaganda for fascism; they are in the same position as Mr. Strachey. Hence they should be deported. The cases are identical.

Let us, however, take another case, that of an Italian citizen who comes to these shores to spend money examining our scenery. He lives in harmony with his government; he accepts fascism. Since he accepts fascism, he believes in the overthrow of democratic government, hence all government, hence . . . and so on. He too must be deported. What is true of him is equally true of any good citizen of Germany, or of Russia. None of them can be allowed a visitor's visa, and Commissioner MacCormack must build around this country the first layer of the first Chinese Wall in our history.

It appears as though Commissioner MacCormack fell into his metaphysical labyrinth not because the law makes it mandatory on him to be ridiculous but because a "red hunt" is in progress, and the men who are conducting it, notably Mr. Hearst, show strength. This is a pity, for Mr. MacCormack has, in a broad way, been anything but metaphysical and muddled in his administration as commissioner. He had the decency to put a stop to the abominable practice of using the weapon of arrest and deportation of aliens in an altogether unprincipled manner. He permitted Tom Mann, Henri Barbusse, and Emma Goldman to enter the country, the law then being the same as now.

We believe that under this law there is no case against Mr. Strachey without absurd mental contortions and still more absurd consequences. But we also believe there is no case for deporting aliens who do, in fact, belong to the Communist Party, which is another matter, since Mr. Strachey admittedly is not a party member. *The Nation* is all for the maintenance of the government against violence from the right or the left. But we do not believe it is in danger from the Communist Party. We are not taken in by the faked hysteria of red-hunters who pretend they are afraid that the government may be overthrown. What they fear is not revolution but a change in the economic order, since capitalism is creating more squalor in this country than unhappy people will long bear. And they are striving to suppress civil liberties before these liberties have been exercised to deprive them of economic advantage. We infinitely regret that Commissioner MacCormack and Miss Perkins, who must bear the ultimate responsibility for the arrest of Mr. Strachey, should have lent themselves to this campaign.

The PWA and Recovery

IF there is little enthusiasm for Mr. Roosevelt's four-billion-dollar government-works program, which is about to pass the Senate, the Administration has its own ineptness to thank for it. Public works as a means of achieving recovery have been hopelessly discredited, not by any weakness in the plan, but by the fact that it has never been tried. Throughout the Hoover Administration there was much talk of meeting the crisis by public-works expenditures, but the actual outlay at the depth of the depression was less than in normal years. With the inauguration of the New Deal we were assured that at last a large-scale government construction program would be started. When it dwindled down to a $3,300,000,000 appropriation, we were disappointed, but we now learn that of this sum more than one-third—$1,116,850,000—is as yet unspent and that $247,000,000 is not obligated in any way. No excuses which the Administration offers can convince eleven million unemployed that there has not been gross inefficiency and incompetence. Perhaps the best proof is the contrast between the government's procrastination during the past two years and its relative efficiency in organizing similar large-scale activities during the World War.

One of the most important arguments for public works as against the dole is that in addition to increasing mass

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purchasing power they create tangible assets—houses, roads, parks, and research projects—which contribute to the national well-being. Unfortunately, however, this claim cannot be made for many of the expenditures of the PWA. Included in the $3,000,000,000 which has thus far been allotted are such items as $400,000,000 for the army and navy, $13,000,000 for the administration of the NRA, $1,000,000 for a corporation to sell electrical appliances, $830,000 to cover the administrative costs of the oil code, $500,000 for the Alcohol Control Commission, and $1,500,000 for the General Accountants Office. Several additional millions have been set aside to defray the expenses of the Federal Power Commission and other government agencies. In addition, there was the "made work" of the CWA, defensible as a relief project but indefensible as public works. Even where PWA money has apparently been expended for legitimate projects in various localities, it has frequently gone merely to finance activities which had previously been supported by the state or municipalities. Is it any wonder that apart from a few roads and bridges, and the ubiquitous post offices, public works have brought little of lasting value?

The most shameful failure of the works program has been in connection with housing. Much emphasis has been laid recently on the fact that 60 per cent of America's homes are unfit for human habitation, and much has been said about slum clearance and vast housing projects. Yet recently, when the funds of the FERA became exhausted pending action on the work-relief bill, it was found that $93,000,000 of the original $150,000,000 which had been appropriated for housing was still unused and could be diverted to the FERA. The great housing campaign which was to provide wage workers and low-salaried employees throughout the country with up-to-date dwellings at a moderate cost has thus far produced exactly 124 homes. Residential construction, public and private, is at present less than one-ninth of the average of so-called normal years. Even if the entire $150,000,000 had been spent in one year, it would represent only about one-fourth of the amount normally expended for housing each year in New York City alone. That these meager expenditures have neither brought recovery nor added noticeably to our well-being is not surprising. The wonder is that we still expect recovery without being willing to pay its price.

Holding Companies Must Go!

THE proposal to abolish holding companies of public utilities is the democratic answer to the cold fact that some ten holding companies today control four-fifths of the operating companies and generating capacity of the country, and have charged enough for their services to finance the most top-heavy of all the superstructures of twentieth-century capitalism. The pressure of stockholder and business opinion now being brought to bear on Congress to defeat the proposal is a clear class appeal: it is a demand for the right to continue charging for necessary services more than they are worth in the interest of a small group of privileged persons. Even the argument that the "good" holding companies should be spared in the interest of innocent stockholders does not bear the test in most cases. A good holding company is one whose assets are good. If its assets are good, they will be quite as good if they have to be distributed. Shareholders will not lose by such a distribution if it can be carried out in an orderly way, which the Wheeler-Rayburn bill permits. Only a few holding companies are of real public service, and the bill permits them to survive. These are the instances in which there is an ownership of companies over an extended geographic area where unified operation is essential and where state laws prevent amalgamation. But in most cases in which unified operation is desirable, amalgamation not only is possible but ought to be enforced.

The argument that holding companies have proved their value by providing necessary financing is being pressed at Washington. It is not sound as a generalization. The assets of the superstructure consist only in the operating company. It is the one earning unit. The credit of the operating company is naturally sound. That of the holding company, one, two, three, or even half a dozen strata removed from the operating unit, increases in unsoundness the farther removed it is from the operating property. For the architecture of holding companies has the operating company as a base, and on this are built the corporations, in some cases as many as nine. It stands to reason that the earning base is most deserving of credit; the superstructure is an extravagance.

We are not unmindful that one or two of the holding companies are not to be tarred with the same brush, say, as the Insull pyramid. But this is not vengeful legislation, meted out as punishment, hence to be applied with differing degrees of severity. Shareholders in inflated companies already have lost, we admit, but we see no way for the government to recoup their losses except at the expense of the public. Yet the companies, which have become deeply involved in the ownership of each other and are allied with other business, now are marshaling almost the full business community to bring pressure on Washington in the interest of shareholders. The principle involved is a simple one: public utilities receive monopolistic privileges from communities, occupy the public streets free of charge, and enjoy the rights of eminent domain. They stand in a unique relationship with the public. This is not a conflict of the public with private business, but the regulation of a quasi-public service. The need for it can be illustrated by numberless chapters of the most fantastic aggrandizement. Congress should contemplate Associated Gas and Electric (not to speak only of the Insulls). Here two men started in 1921 with $10,000 cash, and without investing any further capital were able to collect dividends of $2,131,622 in the years 1925-32, and gain control over assets estimated at $640,000,000. The write-ups of this group came to more than $115,000,000. Judge Healy, testifying before the House committee, called the holding-company system "more or less a parasite and excrescence on the actual operating companies of the country." President Roosevelt fortunately is of the same mind, and we believe the public wants this legislation as much as any single defensive measure proposed to Congress by the Administration. It is a belated but effective attack on the most brazen of the outrages committed by finance capitalism in the name of "rugged individualism."

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Issues and Men

The Dance of Death

"TOKYO, JANUARY 28.—The Japanese people, Admiral Mineo Osumi, Minister of the Navy, asserted in the House of Representatives today, must be prepared to see through any naval race that may eventuate, 'even if we are reduced to eating rice gruel.'"

"MOSCOW, JANUARY 30.—The personnel of the Red Army has been increased from 562,000 in 1932 to 940,000 in 1934. Showing the suddenness with which the Soviet Union's military establishment has been expanded, M. Tukashevsky revealed that the military budget for 1934 had originally been set at 1,665,000,000 rubles but that the actual expenditures had totaled 5,000,000,000 rubles. The military expenditures will be 6,500,000,000 rubles this year."

"WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 22.—The War Department appropriation bill, carrying one of the largest annual outlays for strictly military purposes in America's peace-time history, was passed by the House today without a record vote.... The bill as adopted by the House after five days of debate appropriated for the department $378,734,448 for the fiscal year 1936. Of this amount, $318,699,488 was described by the Appropriations Committee as being for strictly military purposes. The military outlay, according to the committee, is the largest with one exception since enactment of the budget law in 1921."

"LONDON, MARCH 4.—The British government today announced a new defense policy. From this the only inference to be drawn is that it has no faith left in any of the various existing or contemplated pacts for the peace or security of either Europe or Asia. The new policy, presented in the House of Commons in the form of a White Paper signed only with Prime Minister J. Ramsay MacDonald's initials, sounds the knell of arms-reduction programs for this country. It calls for increases in the army, navy, and air force.... 'Nor,' it says, 'is the increase in armaments confined to Germany. All over the world, in Russia, Japan, the United States, and elsewhere, armaments are being increased. We could not afford to overlook this, and so had to begin to meet our deficiencies.'"

"LONDON, MARCH 6.—The estimated expenditures of the British navy for 1935 will be £60,050,000, according to figures presented in the House of Commons today.... This is an increase over 1934 of £3,500,000, which, together with the increases for the army and the air force recorded yesterday and Monday, brings the aggregate of the proposed defense expenditures up to £124,250,000 for all three branches, or £10,539,000 more than in 1934."

"TOKYO, MARCH 8.—The House of Peers enacted the 1935-36 budget today, giving final approval to the demands of Japan's army and navy leaders for the largest military appropriations in the empire's history.... The budget totals 2,210,000,000 yen (about $600,000,000). From this sum the army will receive 490,000,000 yen (about $142,000,000) and the navy 530,000,000 yen (about $154,000,000)."

"WASHINGTON, MARCH 8.—The Senate ended a three-day battle over armaments today by voting a near record $400,000,000 for the War Department, with authority to increase the standing army from 118,750 to 165,000."

"PARIS, MARCH 12.—A bill submitted to the Chamber of Deputies today by Francois Piétri, Minister of Marine, provides for the construction of two 35,000-ton battleships. One such vessel is to be laid down immediately, together with two destroyers, but the measure stipulates that the Minister of Marine may make all arrangements for construction of a second 35,000-ton vessel as soon as international treaties permit.... There has been some discussion here of the advisability of constructing such heavy ships, but in view of Germany's pocket battleships and Italy's laying down of 35,000-ton cruisers the French argue that it is other nations that took the lead and that France has been forced into building up to the limit to keep pace."

"BERLIN, MARCH 13.—... the first official admission by the German government that it possesses bombing planes was made today in the *Deutsche Diplomatische Politische Korrespondenz*. This organ justified the open violation of the Versailles treaty on the ground that since the former Allies had refused to conform to their obligations to disarm, there was nothing left for the Reich but to take its own measures for rearming.... After pointing out that Great Britain and Italy agreed to the principle of a German defensive air fleet eighteen months ago, the *Korrespondenz* said cynically: 'The fact that the premises on which Germany would have renounced bombing planes no longer exist today must be charged up against the other powers. This renunciation was to have applied for two years under an understanding contained in the MacDonald plan that bombing planes were to be abolished all around. Instead of that, Britain and France, as well as the Soviet Union, have drawn up a program in which the systematic modernization and increased capacity of bombing planes play a decisive role. The British White Paper has destroyed whatever still remained of air disarmament....'"

"MOSCOW, MARCH 14.—Notice that an increase in 'defensive measures' would follow in Soviet Russia if Great Britain made concessions to what were called Germany's plans of aggression was served today in an authorized article in *Izvestia*, the government newspaper."

"BERLIN, MARCH 16.—Adolf Hitler denounced today the Versailles treaty and announced that Germany will immediately reintroduce conscription and build an army of 500,000 men. Conscription will also be applied to the air force and navy."

These quotations speak for themselves. The dance of death, which can have only one result, is now on. There is, however, still time to protest to the President against these mad American increases. I hope everyone who reads these lines will do so.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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A Cartoon by LOW

BUY ESKI
ONANONANONAN
UPANUPANUPAN
PRIME MINISTER ONANONANON: Rather a statesmanlike plan of mine, that to discourage trade with foreign Tribes, what ?
CHANCELLOR UPANUPANUP: "Especially while allowing our own people insufficient spending power to increase the Home market. In this way, O Wise One, we will accord with the will of Nature, which is to do a freeze."

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Contemporary Washington

I. Please Excuse Miss Perkins

By PAUL W. WARD

DAILY there flock to Washington hope-sodden liberals seeking to bolster their dwindling faith in the New Deal by a first-hand inspection of its machinery. They used to come asking such leading questions as "What's happened to Hopkins?" "What's happened to Richberg?" "What's happened to Tugwell?" Now—even before they have flicked the Baltimore and Ohio's cinders from their mustachios—they stammer: "What's happened to Frances Perkins?"

It is a question prompted by the almost openly fascist turn taken by the Administration's recent activities in the crucial field of labor relations, and the answer to it is: "Nothing has happened to Fannie; she's just the victim of her publicists."

That's not a fair answer, but it's all the question deserves, for the question is based on a whole series of false premises. Chief among them is the belief that Miss Perkins is the Administration's No. 1 adviser on labor policy. In fallaciousness that notion is equaled only by the corollary supposition that, if she really were Mr. Roosevelt's No. 1 labor counseler, things would be different.

In view of the prevalence of both notions within as well as beyond the capital's gates, a realistic appraisal of Miss Perkins and her New Deal role is in order. We begin with the picture of her set down at the New Dispensation's beginning by one of her publicists, who signed himself "Unofficial Observer." It is typical of all the word pictures that then were drawn and that contributed vitally to the New Deal myth by making her appointment seem another bold assault by Mr. Roosevelt on the citadels of intrenched wealth. Said "Unofficial Observer":

> Under Frances Perkins, the Secretary of Labor is for the first time in history one of the most important members of our government. . . . For the first time, the Secretary of Labor is not a mere union labor leader but a wide-awake representative of the interests of all the workers. . . . She is one more phase of the nemesis which big business has been storing up for itself. . . . She is . . . one of the deepest thinkers and boldest strategists of the New Deal. In her the seed of the Puritans flowers again in its finest form, stripped of cant and bigotry, ready to battle to the end for human betterment and asking no reward save the sense of having served.

That picture looks ludicrous in the frame of subsequent events. As the New Deal enters its third year, Miss Perkins is one of the least important members of our government, and any contemporaneous portrait would have to depict her not as the indomitable champion of underprivileged masses but as the Perfect Secretary, with chiaroscuro implications that her motto is: "See what the boss in the back room will have."

The "boss" in this instance is Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Before him it was Alfred Emanuel Smith. Frances Perkins, or "Fannie," as the reporters call her behind her ramrod back, has gone through life clinging to the coat-tails of some superior officer, usually a man. Like a good secretary, she always leaves important matters for her boss to handle, and that is why, though she said when she took office she wanted to be "Secretary *for* Labor," she has ended by being only another secretary *for* Mr. Roosevelt. He concocts his own labor-relations policies out of his vast experience with the teeming toilers of Krum Elbow, the militant laborites of banks and law offices, and the Navy Department's class-conscious admirals. Sometimes he lets a Johnson, a Wolman, or a Richberg stir the brew. Occasionally he lets Fannie lick the pan.

Fannie is not a policy-maker and never has been one. She lacks the imagination. More especially, she lacks the courage. Despite her Woman Militant hats, she is a peace-at-any-price person except within the privacy of her own office, where she rules over the affairs of underlings with Draconian ruthlessness. In her the New Deal's chronic infection reaches an acute stage. She suffers from a middle-class mind. That—with her lack of any marrow-deep understanding of labor's problems—accounts for her willingness to assist Roosevelt in applying his Boy Scout technique to the class struggle. It accounts for her almost pathological abhorrence of publicity, her fear of conflict, the dreadful chicanery of the "social security" program she helped to engineer, and her untiring ability to rationalize and excuse the ever-increasing number of betrayals that her White House hero has meted out to labor.

Her position with respect to organized labor is like the position of many adults with respect to spinach: they appreciate the vegetable intellectually but have no stomach for it. All but a very few labor leaders find themselves unwelcome in Fannie's office. It once took William Green, A. F. of L. president, seven weeks to get an interview with her, whereas professors and social workers can get her ear at almost any time.

The chief trouble with the union chieftains—from Fannie's standpoint—is not that they fought her appointment but that they want things done. All they ask is a few more crumbs for their wishful followers, but to Fannie's middle-class mind their petitions sound like demands for a whole chain of bakeries. With the social workers and professors she can talk for hours about trends and forces and long-range views. No decision bigger than one to make a study of this or a survey of that is required when the professors call. Like Fannie, most of them are Fabians, committed to the inevitability of gradualism, except that in Fannie's case the phrase should be reversed to read "committed to the gradualism of inevitability." Fortunately for the union moguls, who are not Fabians, they have one person in the Labor Department who understands their problems and, in fact, understands those problems better than most of them do. That person is Assistant Secretary McGrady. Unfortunately for him, on the other hand, his

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very understanding of those problems and of the militantly aggressive action for which they call makes him suspect with both sides—with his chief, Miss Perkins, who keeps him under close surveillance, and with his former chiefs, those little business men who run the A. F. of L.

The only other person in the department with a sound grasp of the realities of the labor situation is the Commissioner of Labor Statistics, Isador Lubin. He, however, is rendered ineffective in that respect by Fannie's social-worker penchant for reducing all problems to a questionnaire or a set of statistics. Satisfying her appetite for indices leaves him no time for more important matters. No one should complain of that, for Dr. Lubin was brought into the department for the sole purpose of maintaining Fannie's reputation for statistical virtue.

Though it gained her a Cabinet seat, that reputation was three parts statistical and only one part virtue, and Dr. Lubin is having a hard time maintaining it. The latter fact has not become generally apparent. Fannie won a halo by repeatedly puncturing the statistical balloons sent up by the Hoover Administration, and the halo still lingers in the public mind. When she, as New York State Industrial Commissioner, was doing that sharpshooting, her boss, Mr. Roosevelt, was not regarded as a serious prospect for the Presidency. Naturally, therefore, the public overlooked the fact that, while Fannie aimed the gun and provided the ammunition, it was Mr. Roosevelt who pulled the trigger. The charge was accurate but the force behind it was political.

The shooting stopped when Fannie became Secretary of Labor. No more does she go out of her pristine way to demonstrate the increasing ravages of unemployment in the United States and to blow to smithereens statistical evidence to the contrary. If she did, she would expose her boss's claim that the New Deal has reduced the ranks of the unemployed by 4,000,000. Dr. Lubin, a diligent as well as distinguished economist, is not so easily satisfied. He has done a remarkable job of regenerating the Bureau of Labor Statistics and would tackle the unemployment compilation if Fannie would grant him the necessary facilities. She is an ambitious bureaucrat, anxious to see her domain enlarged, but she also is a shrewdly cautious one who believes a slow growth attracts less attention and therefore is more permanent. Her ambition-dictated timidity—her fear of losing more than she might gain through a bold move—thus limits the effectiveness even of the bureau that lies closest to her heart.

Her particular kind of timidity is most manifest on those occasions when she sees the gentlemen of the press. She would rather not see them at all, but that would be even more dangerous, for they would complain to her boss, who prides himself on the good relations between his Administration and the newspapermen.

When the first steel-code hearings were held, Fannie delivered herself of a soul-scorching attack on the steel bosses. It had been written for her by William M. Leiserson, now chairman of the National Mediation Board, and Fannie had sat up most of the night committing it to memory. It was a mistake. It presented Fannie to the nation as a fiery crusader against Big Capital—Fannie, who never had been able to stoke her fires bright enough to be even a feminist—Fannie the dowager, mother of a debutante daughter introduced to society at Pierre's in the 1934 season.

It was a perfectly natural mistake, too, for Fannie never had been up against Big Capital. She was shortly to learn the difference between the little garment manufacturers with whom she had dealt in New York and the Myron Taylors, Tom Girdlers, and Walter Chryslers with whom she has had to deal in Washington. She had counted upon the vast popularity and seemingly vast power of her White House hero to overwhelm these Visigoths of industry. When she found them smirking instead of awed, when she found that despite the halo over the White House the steel barons would not consent even to sit in the same room with spokesmen for organized labor, she was stunned. Before she recovered, first Johnson and then Richberg had shouldered her out of her rightful position as No. 1 laborite of the New Deal. She was content to have it so as long as the situation did not attract public attention. Furthermore, she was serenely confident that virtue ultimately would triumph and that these pretenders would be ousted from her throne.

When a strike threatened in the coal industry and industrial recovery seemed menaced, instead of insisting that the steel barons, at whom it was aimed, be broken to the yoke of Section 7-a, she let the White House break the workers to the yoke of the recovery mirage. In that moment the New Deal's promise to labor was sundered, but to Fannie the noise was as of a pin dropping. Complacently she watched Johnson and Roosevelt bring into being the first of the New Deal's strike-breaking agencies: the National Labor Board, headed by the sentimental Tammanyite, Senator Robert F. Wagner, who less than a year later was to prevent a showdown vote in the Senate on his own Labor Disputes bill.

That first of the New Deal's strike-breaking agencies was created without benefit of statute or executive order. It was supposed to enforce 7-a but in actuality it served quite different purposes. It gave the fat burghers of the A. F. of L. another excuse to postpone the sweaty job of real organization. It doped the workers into a false sense of security. It persuaded them to abandon or put off strikes—to lay down their only weapon—and trust to the board and its elections to enforce their rights. Only labor and pitiably weak employers obeyed its edicts. Its decisions were thwarted by court actions or ignored entirely by employers, as were the decisions of all the other New Deal strike-breaking agencies that have followed in its wake.

The Wagner board has long since been dissolved and in its place a whole group of boards has been set up. The only difference between them and their predecessor is that they are non-partisan rather than bi-partisan and have their roots in a joint resolution of the House and Senate, drafted in June, 1934, to hide the Administration's unwillingness to put teeth in Section 7-a. Chief among these new strike-breaking agencies is the National Labor Relations Board. Its first chairman, Lloyd K. Garrison, after handing down a notable decision in the Houde case, was overcome by the futility of the whole proceeding and went back to his University of Wisconsin Law School deanship. Fannie, who had selected him for the post, watched his departure sorrowfully.

Because she liked Garrison, she followed his recommen-

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dation in naming a successor, only to find that in Francis Biddle she had caught a Tartar. Biddle soon discovered what Garrison had discovered, but Biddle didn't go home. Instead, he stayed and fought. First he fought off Fannie's grip on the NLRB, which she had tightened in the interim between Garrison's departure and Biddle's arrival. Then he fought the Justice Department until it finally consented to prosecute the Houde case. Later he fought Richberg, the nation's newspaper publishers, and the White House itself over the Jennings case. Biddle had Fannie on his side in this fight, but the publishers had Colonel Louis McHenry Howe in addition to their news and editorial columns, and the publishers won. To please them, Roosevelt—in a letter that cleverly misrepresented the facts of the situation—stripped the Biddle board of what little power it had. Two members of the board resigned but were persuaded to retract. Biddle himself hung on to fight for passage of the Wagner bill when its sponsor reintroduced it this year and to facilitate that process by proclaiming to the nation that, unless it were passed, his board and all the other boards might as well pack up and go home. In so doing, he again clashed with Fannie.

The biggest of all New Deal labor betrayals—biggest because it has been doubled and redoubled—has yet to be mentioned. It came as early as March, 1934, when a strike threatened in the automobile factories, backbone of American industry. The Wagner board, then still in existence, took hold of the situation. Next Johnson took hold of the Wagner board, having first persuaded the White House that this was quite too important a matter to intrust to Bob Wagner and his confreres. The automobile manufacturers thought so, too, and walked out of the Wagner board hearing. There ensued days and nights of hectic dickering, in the course of which neither Johnson nor Roosevelt was able to get the motor magnates into the same room with the workers' spokesmen. There was table-pounding—and in the White House—but it was not done by Johnson or Roosevelt. Nor was it done by the workers' spokesmen. The automobile manufacturers would have nothing to do with unions and little they cared what Mr. Roosevelt might do about it. What he did was to set Johnson to whittling out a face-saving device.

Roosevelt sprang it on the nation and its workers on the night of March 25, 1934. From his White House study he announced an "agreement." Ostensibly it was an agreement between the workers' representatives, the manufacturers, and the White House, but there were no signatories, and a few months ago, when the workers announced their withdrawal from the pact, they were informed by both the White House and the manufacturers that their withdrawal affected the agreement not a whit. This agreement—heralded by the New Deal messiah as a great "experiment in social engineering"—set up the bi-partisan Automobile Labor Board and under it granted the automobile manufacturers the special privilege of dealing with their workers on a proportional-representation basis instead of the majority-rule basis decreed for all other industries by the Wagner board and, later, by the Garrison and Biddle boards.

Although it was announced as an agreement between the two parties to the dispute, the workers' representatives in fact had not approved it. Word of the White House's announcement reached them through newspapermen, and for several hours thereafter it looked as though the labor leaders would repudiate the President. Bill Green, caught as much unawares as they, had to labor and sweat and bring forth his best "Stand by Roosevelt" arguments to persuade the auto workers' representatives to keep silent and by their silence give consent. It was almost midnight when he won his battle, and he won it by only two votes. Some forty were cast.

At this point Fannie comes back into the picture. It did not fall to her lot to name the Automobile Labor Board; that was Johnson's task. His choice for chairman fell on one of her heroes, Dr. Leo Wolman, whom she had brought to Washington to head the NRA's Labor Advisory Board. Wolman is a misunderstood man. Like Fannie he is the victim of his publicists. A classical economist, he was mistaken for a radical labor sympathizer. The mistake was due to his cynical manner and to the fact that for a number of years he had served the Amalgamated Clothing Workers as an economist. The capital press corps had no way of knowing that, as such, Wolman was just the Amalgamated's hired man, and that its high command more than once had occasion to say: "Thank God, Leo, you don't make our settlements for us." For Leo, even then, had a way of seeing things from the employers' side of the fence.

So, because it was Fannie who brought Wolman into the New Deal limelight and the warm confidence of Roosevelt and Johnson, we have Fannie to thank for the fact that Wolman on March 29, 1934, moved to Detroit and began this nation's first venture in government-controlled unionism. He is schooling both the workers and the manufacturers, while saddling company unions on the former. He is teaching the manufacturers how to substitute Roberts' Rules of Order for their industrial police with no loss in efficiency and substantial gains to their bank accounts. He is teaching the workers the etiquette of collective bargaining à la New Deal—how to avoid offending the boss by asking for a raise and how to be similarly nice about hours. Between classes he issues statements informing the world there is no cause for skepticism, collective bargaining has won the hearts of Chrysler, Sloan, et al. At least this much is certainly true—their hearts have been won by Wolman.

He also has won the heart of Mr. Roosevelt, and if Roosevelt is pleased, you may be sure Fannie is pleased. Later, when opportunity offered, she tried to put over a similar set-up in the steel industry, and when the automobile code came up for renewal in January, 1935, she made no move to abolish the Wolman board, although not only the saurian leaders of the A. F. of L. but every enlightened critic of the labor movement was crying out against it. She contented herself with suggesting to Mr. Richberg that he suggest to Mr. Roosevelt certain changes in the code's hours provision. She was left entirely out of the subsequent negotiations, and when they were completed was furious, not over their disgraceful results but over the fact she had had to obtain those results from the press.

Under the circumstances we are forced to conclude that though Fannie had the chance to become "the greatest Secretary of Labor in history," she is at this writing only the greatest since Doak.

[*The second article in Mr. Ward's series, The NRA—Haven for the Cake-Eaters, will appear in the issue of April 10.*]

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Anti-Semitism Revives in Germany

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

London, March 10

SHORTLY before the Saar plebiscite German Jews, and with them the whole of European Jewry, experienced a renewal of hope for the future. The air was full of rumors of coming changes for the better in the attitude of the Nazi regime toward the Jewish problem. The newspapers even talked of a mysterious "concordat" between the Nazis and the Jews. For the first time since the Nazis came to power Jewish anxiety was replaced by vague optimistic expectations.

That these expectations were based more on wish than on reality goes without saying. Even those who were most optimistic admit now that their mood was caused primarily by the atmosphere that preceded the plebiscite. The moment was unique in Germany and in the whole of Europe. It was felt everywhere that the Saar plebiscite was going to be a turning-point and that liberalism would emerge in Germany. The Nazis were obviously uneasy about the outcome of the voting. There were fears that the vote for the status quo would be large enough to show that at least an appreciable part of German public opinion disapproved of Brown Houses and concentration camps. Influenced by their anxiety about the Saar, the Nazis displayed a changed attitude toward the Catholics, toward former liberals, and even toward the Socialists. Why not also toward the Jews? The trend in Germany before January 13 was clearly toward moderation, and German Jews took hope from it.

There were in addition certain specific manifestations in German life which could be interpreted by the hopeful as the beginning of a change in the Jewish situation. Chief among these was the increasing definite disgust of a certain section of German public opinion with the vulgarity and sadistic brutality of Julius Streicher's anti-Semitic activity in Franconia. It would probably be too optimistic to claim that even this group was entirely free from anti-Semitism, but it recognized that anti-Semitism had its limits and that Julius Streicher had trampled on all principles of decency and civilized humanity. His daily outpourings of libels against the Jews, his cruel hounding of every German suspected of entering a Jewish shop or of speaking to a Jew, his unceasing harping on the "Jewish rape of the blond Aryan girls," all these clearly indicated a diseased mind, and the more decent Germans revolted against his influence.

Before the plebiscite the revolt found forceful expression in a series of articles in the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* and that the newspaper was not promptly suspended for publishing them was a further hopeful sign for the Jews. Another reason for encouragement was found in a series of decisions promulgated by the labor courts of Berlin and other cities limiting the right of German employers to dismiss Jewish employees because of their race. The Aryan paragraph, these courts have ruled, applies only to state institutions and not to private enterprises, and they have sought in various ways to enforce this view. Again and again they have brought judgments against employers who had dismissed Jewish employees, often accompanying the verdicts with pungent remarks which proved that the spirit of Julius Streicher was not yet the spirit of the whole of Germany. "There is no boycott in Germany against Jewish men and women working for their living," a labor court in Augsburg declared on a recent occasion while ordering the reinstatement of a dismissed Jewish clerk. "Even the so-called silent boycott which some Nazis are conducting against Jewish shops is directed only against Jewish ownership and not against Jewish workers."

This effort to restrict the application of the Aryan paragraph has not been made by the labor courts alone. The German Ministry of Economics from the first difficult days of the Nazi regime has striven to keep it within legal limits. First under Herr Schmidt and now under Dr. Schacht this ministry has served as a counterbalance to the terroristic anti-Semitism of Julius Streicher. It is well to remember that Jewish business has been molested less than any other Jewish activity. It is the Jewish intellectual, professional, and labor elements that have been suppressed and cruelly persecuted in Germany. Jewish business has been tolerated from the beginning, and that toleration has been rather on the increase since Dr. Schacht assumed power. Less important than these social manifestations of a moderated anti-Semitism but a contributing cause for hope was the incident of a speech which was delivered by Hans Blank, a Nazi author of note. In this speech, reproduced in the influential *Europäische Revue* and in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the speaker first let drop the phrase "concordat with the German Jews"; it was eagerly picked up by the Jewish press in Germany and gave definite form to the hitherto vague Jewish hopes.

But the results of the plebiscite dealt a severe blow to nascent Jewish confidence. Nationalism had scored a great victory; the Nazi regime had had its strongest confirmation since the Hitler election in March, 1933. What need was there now for moderation or for liberal sentiments? Had not reaction been fully justified by success? Whatever misgivings may have existed about the wisdom of the strong-handed Nazi methods speedily disappeared. The Saar plebiscite was in truth a landmark in European politics, but it was one which marked the strengthening of reaction and of undiluted National Socialism in every walk of German life, including, of course, its relationship with the Jews.

No sooner were the results in the Saar made public than the Streicher press launched a new anti-Jewish drive which for bloodthirstiness, ferocity, and revolting obscenity surpasses anything that even Streicher himself ever thought of before. The basis of the campaign is the cry that international Jewry, with "the Jew, Max Braun" (who is not even of Jewish descent), conspired to tear the Saar from Germany, but that the plot was defeated by the faithful efforts of Streicher and his helpers. All the fifty thousand voters for the status quo are said to have been Jews or Jewish hirelings. All the Socialists, Communists, and emigrants who worked against Hitlerism in the Saar were Jews. An illustration of how low this press has descended in its present

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anti-Semitic attack is provided by the so-called "Jewish advertisements" in Streicher's *Stürmer,* through which Jews are alleged to advertise their wants. One such advertisement states that a Jewish family "wants a blond Aryan girl to minister to the wants of a sexually mature Jewish youth of eleven." Another Jew advertises that he sells "good Jewish wine colored with human blood." A third announces "lessons in the Talmudic lore pertaining to homosexuality." Several weeks ago one might have seen in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* at least some protest against such indecencies, but that still small voice of German conscience, too, is silenced now. Instead of protesting, the *Angriff,* the official organ of the Nazi Minister of Culture and Propaganda, has joined the *Stürmer,* as has also the *Weltkampf,* mouthpiece of Alfred Rosenberg, Hitler's personal adviser on racial policy, and a host of other Nazi newspapers.

Nor is the drive limited to shouting and to propaganda. The unofficial anti-Jewish boycott has been revived with a force not known since April, 1933. The Streicher campaign of hounding personally every German who has dealings with a Jew is being extended from Franconia to the whole of Bavaria and, indeed, to the entire Reich. The so-called "racial science," which is the Nazi name for anti-Semitism, has been made a compulsory course of study in all the public schools of Germany. The official textbooks impart to German children such scientific information as "Jews are like leeches on the body of other nations. They break a nation like a tree and then like parasites live on its sap." Herr Frick, the Prussian Minister of the Interior, in an interview given to the Hearst press, prophesied that the new Nazi constitution would deprive the Jews of their civil rights, for according to the Nazi program there can be no German citizen of Jewish faith. Jews would be treated as aliens in Germany, where they have lived for over ten centuries. Herr Blank of "concordat" fame has delivered another speech on the Jewish question, this time to representative publishers in Berlin, in which he blamed them for not having cleared their industry of Jews as thoroughly as have other German industries and professions. In short, the Jews in Germany, after having been left for some time in comparative peace, are now facing a new anti-Semitic drive which has all the ferocity, pitilessness, and brutality of the persecution which two years ago aroused the indignation of the whole world.

And so a pathetic hope has ended in tragedy. But the tragedy carries a moral which, if it does not compensate for the pain and the disappointment of a people harassed for the last two years almost beyond endurance, nevertheless has to be learned. It will be observed that the blasting of Jewish hopes coincided with the shattering of the broader hope for the gradual liberalization of Germany which Europe entertained for a while. Thus it has been emphasized once more that the Jewish problem in Germany is inseparably bound up with the general social and political problem and that no change in the Jewish situation is possible apart from a change in Germany as a whole. It is because this truth has been overlooked in some Jewish quarters that there has been a tendency to chase the various will-o'-the-wisps which mislead Jewish opinion with the false hope of a possible "concordat" with the Nazis. The present revival of anti-Semitism dispels these illusions and clears the way for the recognition that not until the Nazi system is either ended or revolutionized can there be any real hope for German Jewry.

The Build-up of Basketball

By LEFT WING

THERE have been several first-rate sporting pieces in the metropolitan press recently, among others an unsigned dispatch from Florida by an Associated Press correspondent who gave an amazingly vivid account of Sir Malcolm Campbell's second attempt to break the world's speed record for automobiles in his Bluebird car; but first place should go to Everett B. Morris for his basketball article in the New York *Herald Tribune* of Sunday, February 17.

This was more than a mere reporting job; there was indignation in it. Mr. Morris has seen the growth of that extraordinary sport which for want of a better name is called basketball. He laid about him with commendable vigor, naming names and places and stating facts. To be sure, he refrained from placing the blame where it belongs, on the shoulders of the college authorities. Instead, he contented himself with chastising that nebulous person, the spectator. Or, as he termed him, "Mr. Average Citizen." But his article was so detailed and so accurate that it were unkind to cavil because he did not go far enough.

Basketball was invented in 1891 by one James A. Naismith, a Y. M. C. A. man attached to the college at Springfield, Massachusetts. Only a retainer of the Y could possibly have invented such a fiendish pastime, a game which in forty short years has been responsible for as many brawls, lost tempers, broken relations, fights, arguments, and discussions as any branch of athletics. Most of us are ashamed of our mistakes and try to hide them, but the inventor, now Dr. Naismith, actually boasts of the fact that basketball is played in countries as remote as Latvia, Turkey, Arabia, Madagascar, Uruguay, Bulgaria, and Korea.

The game is simplicity itself. Two hoops hang in the air at each end of the court, and into these hoops the players endeavor to toss the ball. There are rules. Of course there are many rules. Orsen A. Kinney, a former Yale star and coach, remarked: "There are lots of rules. There have to be rules or there wouldn't be any game." We shall take up the rules later.

The good Doctor, having perpetrated basketball on the populace, got himself attached to the faculty of the University of Kansas, a fact which may explain the growth of the sport throughout the Middle West. Since the war the conference colleges have been making it a sort of winter rival to football, with crowds of 15,000 persons at the big games in the field houses and gymnasiums of Urbana, Ann Arbor, and Columbus. It has much in common with foot-

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ball, although football is termed a "contact game" and basketball is not. A contact game simply means that if a player is killed, the event is taken as part of the afternoon's fun. No one to date has been killed playing basketball, but injuries are as numerous as in football.

Furthermore, football takes both players and spectators into the open air, whereas basketball is played in overheated gymnasiums or field houses, in a dusty, smoke-laden atmosphere conducive to anything except sport. For this reason, and also because hockey is a great winter game in the East, basketball has been more popular in the West than in the East; the Eastern Intercollegiate League has been organized and reorganized several times, with numerous changes in its make-up. This winter an alert sports writer named Ned Irish suddenly saw promotion possibilities in the game and managed to sell the idea to Colonel John R. Kilpatrick, president of Madison Square Garden. "Go to it," said the Colonel, and Mr. Irish, tossing up his newspaper job, set to work.

Now it's obvious that a college basketball team has no more place in a professional sports arena like the Madison Square Garden than a Jew in Hitler's bathtub. The lure of cash was too strong, however, for most of the college athletic directors of the metropolis, and Mr. Irish's clever sales talk persuaded them the thing would be a success. It was a success, too, far more of one than either the promoter or his chief imagined. Five doubleheaders, that is, evenings with two basketball games between well-matched college teams, drew 64,000 spectators, an average of 13,000 a game, very nearly a sell-out for the Garden each night. The season of eight games attracted only a handful less than 100,000 paid admissions and a wry smile to the face of Colonel Kilpatrick.

While most of the local colleges were appearing before immense crowds in the Garden, the Eastern Intercollegiate League was having one of its best seasons, with a close race for the title between Pennsylvania and Columbia. But Mr. Morris was distressed to discover that the sportsmanship, both on the floor and in the crowd, was by no means admirable. He mentions West Point and Annapolis as the only places where jeering and hooting at the opposing team is not tolerated from the stands and says:

> Supposedly intelligent college boys behave at basketball games in a manner that would bring blushes to the cheeks of the bleacher-seat rooters in a professional baseball park. The undergraduates, to say nothing of the alumni, who ought to know better, jeer and boo every decision of the officials that goes against their team. They scream derision at adversaries who miss easy shots, howl like sandlot baseball zealots trying to rattle an opposing pitcher, in short, behave like rowdies.

Basketball is a no-contact sport. Supposedly. Let Mr. Morris describe the scene at Morningside Heights, where the good Dr. Butler believes in intercollegiate sport as promoting good fellowship among the participants:

> When Penn and Columbia were fighting for the Eastern League leadership it looked as though they were playing football most of the time. Eventually players' tempers got out of control, fists began to fly, and the game developed into a brawl. The spectators, who had been howling incessantly and growing more excited over the spectacle, swarmed on to the floor and joined the melee.

Unfortunately Dr. Butler could not be present. He was addressing some kind of peace conference in London on the evening of this game. When the two college teams met last week in the play-off for the league title, both camps of warriors were afraid to intrust themselves to the mercies of the other's supporters, and the ludicrous spectacle resulted of their being obliged to face each other in the Rutgers gymnasium in New Brunswick, New Jersey, on neutral ground.

Basketball, because it is played indoors where spectators are seated on the floor close to the players, soon arouses partisan passions in the rabble, and the college rabble is no different from any other rabble. The difficulty is increased by the rules, which are in the same state of flux and change as the football rules and are open to any interpretation you choose to give them. Since basketball is presumably a no-contact game, murder is supposed to be forbidden. But in New York it is allowed if done in a nice, gentlemanly way. Knowing that fact, several Western teams due to appear in the Garden actually brought along their own officials to help the local authorities.

Before long other promoters, quick to observe how the game had caught on with the Garden following in Manhattan, began pushing it in smaller centers, openly buying up college players and even playing them under their own names, an act of frankness for which they deserve the thanks of us all. In the meanwhile a growing professional basketball league has come into being with teams in several Eastern cities. Apparently it is only a question of time when the Messrs. Irish and Kilpatrick will get their Hibernian noses together and instal a regular team in the Garden. Why should a professional promoter divide with the colleges when it is just as easy to keep all the gravy for his own stockholders? Those who know the Colonel say he is rather slow at figures. But he cannot be so slow as to muff that one. Basketball, more of a college game than either baseball or football ever was, seems destined to follow its elder brothers into the professional ranks.

College athletics today is in the control of thoroughly venal men who give lip service to the conventions and then spend their time grabbing money wherever they can find it. They have no hesitation about selling the boys up the river and allowing them to perform for the crowds in ball parks or sports arenas or wherever they can attract a gate. They have attempted to carry water on both shoulders, calling their intercollegiate sport program amateur and making it professional in everything but name, with paid athletes, games played before enormous throngs, and a professional atmosphere surrounding the whole thing. In fact, the only difference is that the profits go to the college athletic association instead of to a baseball magnate or the stockholders of Madison Square Garden.

Professional sport has a place in modern life; so has college sport. But the latter has no place in the halls of the promoter, nor is there any sense in considering football, basketball, or most collegiate athletic activities as amateur athletics. The municipal authorities, by their decision to tax Baker Field and other college sports arenas in the vicinity, show they realize this perfectly. The colleges stage a show for money, and they ought to be willing to compete with the theaters, the movies, and other attractions. Nor should they object when the crowd demands its money's worth, like any crowd that pays its way at the gates. The American genius for calling something by another name

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to make it more palatable to the public is nowhere more evident than in college sport. An old schoolmaster of mine, who has lived in the atmosphere of schools and colleges for fifty years, said recently: "The United States has standards of value in only two things, money and athletics." If he had said money *in* athletics he would have been right.

In the Driftway

IT has been pretty well demonstrated that the American tradition is one of violence, as might be expected in a country whose history has consisted of two great phases of exploitation. Subduing the wilderness and the Indians required a quick trigger and an unquavering heart; subduing natural resources and keeping workingmen under control required even more subtle varieties of violence, and the American genius has not been found wanting in this respect. Yet the Drifter, never having been in the direct path of either the geographical or the industrial exploiters, is sadly out of line with the violent tradition. He grew up thinking it was disgraceful to be arrested. He is afraid of cops, and looks forward to the barricades in no very eager or belligerent mood. He resents his weak-kneed objection either to hitting or being hit over the head. And he is only partly convinced by the testimony of a labor organizer, who assures him from long experience that even a working revolutionist does not anticipate a battle with any pleasure but that the fear departs as soon as the shooting begins.

* * * * *

THE Drifter finds much more comfort in the thought that the generation now growing up will probably never be assailed by his puny fears. And he has had some rather impressive evidence that it won't. He recently found himself in a group which had been taking an active part in the Ohrbach strike. That picket line on Union Square became a sort of literary rendezvous where on any Saturday afternoon one might meet most of America's promising left-wing writers and their friends. (The change in both air and conversation must have been upsetting to those accustomed to viewing the revolution from the smoky and remote recesses of the literary tea.) The children were picketing too, and it was the mother of one of these children who told the Drifter a comforting story. Her son was one of a group of high-school students who joined the picket line one Saturday afternoon and in accordance with the usual procedure were picked up by the police for violating a particularly vicious anti-picketing injunction. The boy was held at the police station for several hours. Toward supper time one of his friends called up his home to inquire about him. "Did he get arrested?" "Yes," answered his mother. "Gee, that's swell," came the eager voice over the wire. "We knew he'd make it!" When, some days later, the mother suggested that it might be possible through a family friend to prevent his having to appear in court to answer charges, the boy was outraged. And it was clear that his anger was aroused not so much because of the suggestion of "fixing" as because of the public opinion he cared most about. What would the other kids say if he spoiled his police record after having achieved the distinction of being arrested?

TO be sure, not all the youth of America is as clear and certain and ready for the revolution. And on this score too the Drifter has convincing evidence in a letter written by a very young girl which has recently come into his hands.

> I thought you might be interested to know that there is a growing Communist movement in the "younger generation." And also I don't know a single young person who isn't for the New Deal and Roosevelt.
>
> Sometimes I get so mad at what some capitalists are doing to hinder Roosevelt that I seriously consider communism. But my cousin sent me a beautiful fur neckpiece for Christmas which makes me feel like a millionaire, so if I had my choice between being a Communist leader and a millionaire I'd probably choose to be a millionaire.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Great Human Figure

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

You have suggested that I should write for the next issue of your magazine a short statement on what have been Justice Holmes's chief contributions to the law. To give this subject anything like adequate treatment at the present time is impossible nor could it well be done in any space at your disposal. Indeed, the extent and value of any individual's contribution to law is always difficult to measure. As Justice Holmes himself said in one of his speeches, "The glory of lawyers, like that of men of science, is more corporate than individual. Our labor is an endless organic process. The organism whose being is recorded and protected by the law is the undying body of society." Moreover, the value of any individual's contribution can only be judged with justice when sufficient time has elapsed for it to be viewed with the detachment and perspective that is beyond the reach of any contemporary. Nevertheless, it is right and proper that at this time in a magazine such as yours some mention should be made of Justice Holmes's work.

Some things we can say with reasonable confidence. He was one of the leaders in the use of the historical method in the study of law and the application of legal doctrines. He showed that, in his own words:

> The life of the law has not been logic: it has been experience. The felt necessities of the time, the prevalent moral and political theories, intuitions of public policy, avowed or unconscious, even with the prejudice which judges share with their fellow-men, have had a great deal more to do than the syllogism in determining the rules by which men should be governed. The law embodies the story of a nation's development through many centuries, and it cannot be dealt with as if it contained only the axioms and corollaries of a book of mathematics.

What is here stated is now generally accepted, but in 1881, when the Justice's book on the common law appeared, this was not so. The application of these principles not only in the Justice's legal writings and his teaching at Harvard but afterwards in his judgments in the court of Massachusetts and the Supreme Court of the United States have been of infinite value in the development of the law. This value has been the greater because of the vitality and vigor of his style, which give his legal writings a foremost place among the classics of our law.

In that important class of cases which involve the relations of the courts to the legislative and other branches of the government, the Justice's wisdom and moderation have had

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a notable influence. Our system of constitutional law gives to our courts unusual powers. By giving to them the last word in the interpretation of the Constitution, it makes them over a large and necessarily indeterminate field the highest authority in the states and in the nation. Powers so great can only survive if exercised with careful restraint. As was said by Chief Justice Marshall, "No questions can be brought before a judicial tribunal of greater delicacy than those which involve the constitutionality of legislative acts." Justice Holmes always showed a great sense of that delicacy to which Marshall here refers. No one was less disposed to enlarge the judicial power beyond its proper bounds. He had a rare power of detachment and an ability to deal with the constitutionality of statutes when they came before him without regard to his personal opinion of the wisdom or value of the policy which they embodied. Throughout his judicial career he realized that "in construing the Constitution [we] . . . should remember that it is a frame of government for men of opposite opinions and for the future, and therefore not hastily import into it our own views, or unexpressed limitations derived merely from the practice of the past."

There is nothing new in these principles; they have been asserted by the courts ever since our government was founded. In practice there has been, and is always, danger of their being forgotten. Every law embodies some of the passions and prejudices of the time and is correspondingly shocking to other passions and prejudices. The peculiar service of Justice Holmes was in their consistent application by him and in their illustration through his historical sense of what lay behind both constitutions and legislative acts.

Throughout his career the Justice had a deep conception of the value of liberty of thought, of speech, and of action, and made plain that these things lie at the basis of our institutions. "If there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us but freedom for the thought that we hate." In a period in the world's history in which there is a marked trend away from the principles of liberalism upon which our government was founded, the value of such clear and vigorous expression of the old tradition is beyond dispute.

No one of these three services to the law was radical in its nature. There has been too great a disposition to emphasize Justice Holmes's dissenting opinions and to refer to him as "the great dissenter." He was never what the New Englanders call "a come-outer," a man whose passion it is to destroy existing institutions and attack existing faiths. On the contrary, he had little faith in the value of sudden change. He has himself stated his fundamental political creed:

> I believe that the wholesale social regeneration which so many now seem to expect, if it can be helped by conscious, coordinated human effort, cannot be affected appreciably by tinkering with the institution of property, but only by taking in hand life and trying to build a race. That would be my starting-point for an ideal for the law.

Elsewhere he has spoken of an increase in civilization rather than a change in law as the most probable basis for any solid improvements.

Holding such views it was natural that his faith should lie in a wise development of what existed rather than in destruction. In time he will be recognized not as the dissenter but as an affirmant of existing institutions and one of the great conservative forces of his age.

Perhaps, however, Justice Holmes's greatest contribution both to his profession and his state and country has been his personality. His name will survive because he has been a great human figure more than by reason of the legal questions in the decision of which he has had a part. The controversies which excite the passions of one generation are often forgotten in the next. The men who dealt with them at once nobly and faithfully remain to inspire succeeding generations. We know little and care less about the details of the Italian wars in which Bayard fought for France, but he will always remain the type of the high-minded and gallant soldier. The religious quarrels which were the chief interest of Hampton's and Falkland's time are hard for us to understand; much of the eighteenth-century thought that occupied Adams and Jefferson is to us unreal, but these men stand as types of high-minded and courageous statesmanship. Justice Holmes's greatest service as a lawyer was that he showed to all men that the law need not be a dreary competition of sordid interests and that "a man may live greatly in the law as well as elsewhere."

Boston, March 12 ARTHUR D. HILL

The Name of Carl Schurz

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Friends of German Democracy have learned through the newspapers of the protest signed by relatives and friends against the objectionable use of the name of Carl Schurz. Our association strongly condemns the use of his name by institutions controlled by a clique which is subservient to the tyrants and demagogues who rule Germany at the present time, men whom Carl Schurz, who fought in 1848 for freedom and democracy, would have combated to the bitter end.

The present policies of these institutions cannot be reconciled with the ideals and aims for which Carl Schurz fought all his life, and it is with the warmest sympathy that we join in the protest and demand that the name of a man whose memory is sacred to us be no longer used to shield institutions that further oppression.

New York, March 7 HENRY HILBERS, President
KARL KLUGE, Secretary

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL W. WARD is a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*.

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN is a well-known London journalist who has given special attention to international Jewish problems.

LOUIS ADAMIC, author of "Dynamite," "Laughing in the Jungle," and "The Native's Return," has just published his first novel, "Grandsons."

HEYWOOD BROUN, the well-known columnist, is president of the American Newspaper Guild.

MARK VAN DOREN published last winter two new books, "A Winter Diary, and Other Poems" and "The Transients," a novel.

CARL VAN DOREN, critic and editor, published last year an anthology of "Modern American Prose."

DOROTHY BREWSTER is assistant professor of English at Columbia University and coauthor of "Modern Fiction."

FLORENCE CODMAN is head of the publishing house of Arrow Editions.

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MARY MCCARTHY frequently reviews fiction for *The Nation*.

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Labor and Industry

The Illinois Miners' War Goes On

By LOUIS ADAMIC

Springfield, Illinois

ON arriving in Springfield, which besides being the state capital is also the bituminous coal center of Illinois, I was told that the two-hundredth bombing in the bitter three-cornered struggle which began in 1932, involving two labor organizations—the old United Mine Workers and the insurgent Progressive Miners of America—and the coal operators, had occurred a week or two before. The night before my arrival, as I read in the local papers, a guard at the Woodside mine of the Peabody Coal Company had been killed in a shooting fray in which he had engaged with a number of P. M. A. "strikers," who with 13,000 other miners have been on "strike" against the companies and the U. M. W. now for thirty-three months. The Woodside mine guard was the thirty-fourth person to die in this war. The number of wounded runs into hundreds.

Thirty-odd bombings and about a dozen killings have occurred in Christian County alone, not far from Springfield, where fighting of one sort or another has been almost uninterrupted for three years, and where just now the hostilities are especially intense. Lately fourteen bombings were perpetrated on the Chicago and Illinois Midland and Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy railroads, which handle coal mined by men in the United Mine Workers' unions, while the fifteenth bomb was discovered in the nick of time only a week or so before my visit to the region. Whole strings of coal cars and separate cars carrying coal and other freight have been blown off the tracks, and in two or three cases the tracks have been torn up. Twenty-odd freight cars have been totally demolished. Not long ago a railroad trestle at Crandall, near Springfield, was wrecked.

In a number of these recent cases it was established that the bombers employed stronger stuff than the ordinary blasting powder used in coal mines, and some of the "jobs" have been characterized by the authorities as "thorough, brainy pieces of work." The wiring and timing were perfect. No lives were endangered, but over $150,000 worth of property damage resulted. Now, in consequence of these blow-ups, railroad bridges for scores of miles through Christian and adjacent counties are guarded night and day by armed men, and at night powerful electric lights glare under them. Driving about in the region I was reminded of Macedonia, where in 1933, when I was there, the Yugoslav government had a gendarme posted every mile or so along the Belgrade-Saloniki railway, fearing attacks by the *komitadji* from the Bulgarian border.

The coal and rail companies of Illinois take other precautions, but trains, tracks, bridges, trestles, and cars on sidings go up anyhow. To date no one has been arrested for these bombings. Early in the year the local authorities sent a special committee to Washington to confer about the situation with Attorney General Cummings, who a few weeks ago sent to Illinois a crew of federal labor-trouble agents with instructions to get the dynamiters. So far the government sleuths have been unsuccessful, and the betting is they will continue to be so, although the Springfield newspapers are predicting arrests.

A year ago the Sangamon County authorities organized a "secret six" committee, patterned after the famous anti-crime group in Chicago, with the special task of finding out who was responsible for the bombings in that county. The committee received too much publicity; their names became known, and they gave up the work. It was too dangerous.

Governor Henry Horner, a former judge and a well-intentioned middle-of-the-roader, took a hand in the mine situation immediately after assuming office on January 1, 1933. He wanted the United Mine Workers and the Progressive Miners to get together and settle their differences. He got nowhere, except in bad with both sides, one of which—the Progressives—denounced him in their official organ as a dirty Jew; and I am told he is sorry he ever tried to tackle the mess. In his recent message to the Illinois General Assembly he urged the Solons to "settle the mine war." He made no specific recommendations as to how they could do that. The Solons, on the other hand, if they come from any of the coal districts, are elected with the support of either the U. M. W. or the P. M. A., depending on which faction dominates the district, and so in all probability they will do nothing at all about it.

Several articles dealing with the fight between the U. M. W., bossed by the autocratic, strong-willed, and very capable John L. Lewis, and the insurgent miners, who call themselves progressives, have appeared in various liberal magazines in the past three years, and there is no use of going into the details here. All these articles were favorable to the cause of the progressives, and not unnaturally so, for the P. M. A. movement was a spontaneous revolt against the tyrannical Lewis machine, which has wiped out nearly every trace of democracy within the organization. Many of the writers, however, were blindly partial to the P. M. A. They did not seem to realize that the right-wing faction within the P. M. A., which has been dominating the organization for the past two years, is worse than the Lewis machine in nearly every respect—worse, that is, from the viewpoint of the immediate interests of labor. It is intellectually and otherwise as corrupt as the bureaucracy of the old organization, stupidly anti-Semitic, and not nearly as effective in bargaining with the companies, and for nearly two years now it has been engaged in a fierce struggle with the left wing in the organization, which consists of a small group of exceptionally intelligent and honest young workers. In my opinion, it is impossible to sympathize completely with either the Lewis gang or the P. M. A. as a whole.

Nobody in Springfield or elsewhere in the region appears to know or is able to prove who or which faction, if either, is responsible for the outrages. Six months ago a terrific dynamite explosion wrecked the airshaft and the surface fan-house of one of the Peabody mines near Springfield, whose long and deep pit runs directly under the state Capitol, while about three hundred men were below working

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under a U. M. W. contract. When the "job" was pulled, over twenty-five topmen and several mine guards worked or stood near the scene. None of them had seen anyone around who should not have been there. John L. Lewis, seeing a chance for favorable publicity, promptly issued a statement in which he practically accused his rival organization not only of blowing up the shaft, but of intention to kill the miners below, and acting for the international executive board of the U. M. W. he announced a $10,000 reward for the apprehension of the dynamiters. Some of the right-wing P. M. A. leaders hinted at the time that the coal company needed a new airshaft and had it and the fan-house blown up to collect insurance with which to build a new one. They posted an offer of a $1,000 reward for the arrest of two former Peabody mine bosses who some time before had been caught red-handed bombing the homes of P. M. A. members in Taylorville and had been permitted to escape. One P. M. A. left-winger with whom I talked was of the opinion that the dynamiting probably had been a "job" jointly organized by representatives of the company and the U. M. W., and perpetrated as a publicity stunt to deal a blow at the growing P. M. A. influence in that district.

Charges, hints, rumors are flying back and forth. The *Progressive Miner*, P. M. A.'s organ, founded by the left-winger Gerry Allard in 1932 but now for some time under right-wing control, once accused the left-wingers of being responsible for the bombings. The radicals denied the accusation. As a rule, however, the P. M. A. big shots blame either the U. M. W. or the companies, most often the latter. The U. M. W., in turn, condemns the P. M. A. The company agents denounce organized labor as a whole. The public in general is inclined to blame all three sides. A prominent citizen of Springfield whom I asked about these outbursts of violence inclined to the belief that most of them were caused by the agents of the companies with the aim of forcing the State of Illinois to authorize the establishment of a police body similar to the old coal-and-iron cops in Pennsylvania. Most of the radical laborites incline to this view, too.

The editor of the Taylorville *Breeze-Courier*, a Republican sheet, recently indulged in editorial humor over the bombings as follows:

> The probabilities are that the insurance companies are footing the bills, and the members of the rival coal miners' organizations are kept busy refilling the orders delayed and injured by the blasts. Again, the bombings are making much work for the railroad shopmen, and it seems like some of the ideas of Secretary Wallace in agriculture are being applied to our industries.

What next in the Illinois coal fields? In all likelihood more of the same thing; more bombings and shootings and general social jitters, which are but loud, sensational outward manifestations of the dreadful socio-economic situation of coal-mine labor and the rapid financial decay of the soft-coal industry. Around 25,000 miners in Illinois are unemployed, though about half of these, being insurgents against the U. M. W., prefer to call themselves "strikers." They really are jobless, either because the companies have no work to give them or because the U. M. W. union bosses do not allow them to work.

To me one encouraging thing in the situation is that the left-wingers of the P. M. A.—boys like Pat Ansboury, Gerry Allard, John Battuello, and Joe Burrell—are beginning to work up again considerable influence among the P. M. A. membership and a little even among the U. M. W. Lately they captured the control of Local Union No. 1 of the P. M. A., at Gillespie, which has the numerical strength of 2,300. They consider themselves the only element in the region that can bring the struggle between the two unions to an end and unite the miners of the state. They advocate, as the initial step toward unity, that the two unions combine in demanding for the employed miners a thirty-hour work week and a $6 basic wage scale. They are allied with the local branch of the Workers Party of the United States.

Postscript

This article was written nearly a month ago. Since then—on February 24, to be exact—another train dynamiting has occurred, the fifteenth in the recent series of outrages. An expertly timed dynamite bomb set in the middle of the tracks of the Chicago and Midland Railroad at Andrew Station, eight miles from Springfield, blew up the one gasoline car of a twenty-three-car freight train, and the flames then destroyed ten other cars. There was only one coal car in the train. No one was hurt.

Bill Green

By HEYWOOD BROUN

I WISH to pin a few posies on a man whose name is generally slapped about in the pages of this publication. Indeed, William Green is invariably hailed in the radical and liberal press as the very symbol of arch-conservatism in the labor movement. Sometimes this charge is made upon specific citation and again it is merely a general accusation. Critics either for or against are often inclined to cover too much territory. My praise of William Green will cover those phases of his activities with which I am personally familiar.

And it is only fair and just to say that from the beginning his support of the American Newspaper Guild has been warm and wide and immediate. That has not been true of a number of local leaders, particularly in New Jersey. Their attitude has been the conventional one that the Guild as an independent union had not the slightest right to expect aid, comfort, or even sympathy from A. F. of L. members. In several instances in New Jersey there has been actual hostility on the part of labor officials toward the strike being conducted by the Guild against the Newark *Ledger*.

In every case where such a situation has arisen William Green has been ready and eager to go on record in support of the Guild. He has invariably recognized a community of interest. The last occasion was notable. When Vice-Chancellor Berry issued his sweeping and drastic injunction

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I sent a copy of it to President Green and said that I thought he might be interested in it since it embraced a few features never before known in anti-labor injunctions. While there was in this case wide sympathy on the part of New Jersey labor, there was also a good deal of timidity. At one meeting of the Essex Trades Council a speaker was stopped short in his criticism of Vice-Chancellor Berry when a fellow-delegate remarked, "Remember you might get ninety days in jail." William Green did not pull his punches. He wrote to me and said:

"This injunction reflects the judicial and mental attitude of Vice-Chancellor Berry toward labor and toward strikes in which laboring people are forced to engage. I am indeed interested in this injunction. It should not be respected or obeyed. I would not hesitate to violate that part of it which seeks to deny workers the exercise of free assemblage and free speech. I am of the opinion that this injunction is violative of the constitutional rights of all classes of people. Even a court is not justified in using its power and authority to interfere with the civil and legal rights of the masses of the people. I am willing to join with your groups in protesting against this injunction."

Copies of William Green's letter were sent to the New York *Times* and the New York *Herald Tribune* but neither printed a line of it. But it was still more extraordinary to find that some local A. F. of L. leaders were also anxious to censor their own president. An anti-injunction meeting was scheduled in Newark for March 13 under the auspices of the State Federation and the Essex Trades Council. The meeting was called long before Vice-Chancellor Berry issued his injunction. Since it was an open and not a delegate meeting I asked permission to be included among the list of speakers. This was refused.

I went to the meeting anyway with no intention of making a speech but merely for the purpose of asking permission to read William Green's letter. I was informed at the door that I would not be allowed to do this. However, I managed to get the ear of Joseph Cozzolino, one of the speakers, and he promised to read the letter. He did so, but he carefully avoided mentioning the Guild. Earlier in his speech he had said that the Guild strike was "a controversial subject." "I will not say to whom this letter is addressed," remarked Mr. Cozzolino before reading Green's communication, and he also carefully left off the sentence in which Mr. Green expressed his willingness to join with the Guild groups in their fight against the injunction.

Naturally I sought the floor to add these two small points which Mr. Cozzolino had forgotten but the chairman banged the gavel right under my nose and said, "The meeting is adjourned."

Of course, we held a second meeting right on the heels of the first one and more than half the audience remained. And this group of workers did take their cue from President William Green and not only passed a unanimous resolution of support for the Guild but organized an impromptu picket line to walk around the Newark *Ledger* building.

William Green may not be a radical labor leader but he has courage and he has convictions and he is well to the left of some of the straw bosses in his organization.

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Books, Drama, Films

Not a Dove

He Sent Forth a Raven. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. The Viking Press. $2.50.

THE novels of Miss Roberts, with the one exception of "Jingling in the Wind," have been distinguished among other things by a certain style. This style has been an extraordinarily sensitive record of the way somebody—usually a woman—sees, hears, and touches the external world. The external world does not exist for Miss Roberts's women, and perhaps for Miss Roberts, as it does for the majority of persons; which accounts not only for the difficulty presented by her books but, since she writes finely, for the delicate air they have of revealing some special sort of truth. One of her heroines, indeed, believes so little in the existence of any world at all that she makes a bible out of Bishop Berkeley; with the result that "The Great Meadow" becomes all one document in solipsism, all one exercise in the subtlest puzzles of perception. Even when Miss Roberts keeps her secret better than that she whispers it clearly enough to those who can hear the sound her books make. This sound comes to the reader through the substantial filter of a style which has been perfectly adapted to the expression of doubt. The senses are there and operating, but operating with a strange impotence and an attractive perversity, so that we see what we might have expected to hear, hear what we might have expected to see, and feel everything with that kind of super-touch which we attribute to the blind—running our fingers over faces and landscapes as the heroine of "The Buried Treasure" runs hers, in a highly indicative passage, over the sleeping body of her husband. Miss Roberts's women, in a word, have been prisoners in a personal world, a world into which the noises of this other one penetrate fantastically and bewilderingly.

It is not surprising then that the chief personage in the present novel should be represented as confined to his house and condemned to know the rest of life by hearsay. Stoner Drake, vowing at his wife's death never to set foot on the green earth again, keeps his vow; and keeps it under the handicaps which Miss Roberts would of course set up. For the women, Martha and Jocelle, through whom Drake sees and hears the world are anything but a transparent medium. When Jocelle was a little girl "a faint haze of things known and unknown spread around her. Those things which she could never bring together into a pattern of thought were left unrelated, floating in a fog." Well, Miss Roberts brings her up that way, too; and so all goes on as it should go on, through mists and veils.

Yet here, as in the exception among Miss Roberts's novels which was noted at the start, an attempt is made to record the large, the indubitably solid world. This time it is the world of the great war, and it comes to the fine ears of Miss Roberts's people with such a ruthless crash of sound that the recording instrument can scarcely endure the strain. It is as if lightning had struck some child's receiving set. Miss Roberts's only resort, in the absence of any ability to indicate the sheer volume of this catastrophe, is to set her people talking wildly—not loudly, but wildly. A mad chorus of three men—Drake himself, the carpenter Dickon, and the preacher Briggs—philosophizes and mythologizes in broken sentences of weird power while Martha plays Cassandra in an upstairs chamber. The novel all but goes to pieces in the eloquence of these men, as it had gone to pieces, incidentally, for Martha in her prime; when the hearing of too much from Stoner Drake had rendered her deaf. It seems a question, therefore, whether Miss Roberts should attempt such subjects as world wars, since they obviously are too much for her. Yet the answer is not easy. Perhaps she should—say, in every fifth novel. For in making the attempt, and failing, she reminds us of her own best work and of how brilliantly it is done; and she does after all say something about the world we live in, if it is only that the truth concerning it cannot possibly be spoken.

MARK VAN DOREN

One America

Grandsons. By Louis Adamic. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THERE are many Americas, and Louis Adamic's is only one of them. The America of farms and villages hardly appears in his new book, which deals with an industrial America inhabited by nomads: immigrants not yet settled anywhere or older Americans uprooted by the headless scramble of the times. Of the three grandsons, one is a labor leader, one a racketeer, one a jittery newspaperman, but each of them is a logical outgrowth of the conditions which their first American ancestor had to face. He was a Yugoslav from Mr. Adamic's own Carniola and was killed in the Haymarket riot in Chicago, an innocent victim of the bomb. He is the family hero, precisely as an ancestor killed in the Indian wars might be for a family in one of the other Americas, or a victim of the Gold Rush in yet another. His grandson Jack Gale, the labor leader, carries on the simple, solid faith which the older man perhaps hardly knew he held, and Jack Gale is murdered in a brutal war. Andy Gale, the racketeering grandson, has learned violence in Chicago and, as a lieutenant of Capone, employs it in Los Angeles, where he too is murdered. Peter Gale, the chief figure in the novel, has been gassed and wounded on the Meuse-Argonne front, and spends the years of his recovery in making his intellectual and emotional way back to a kind of proletarian status. His progress is the story.

Mr. Adamic is not a skilful novelist, and he still writes clumsily, but he has had the tact to make use of an excellent method which derives from that of his earlier narratives. He writes as if he himself had actually met Peter Gale in France, had lost sight of him for years after the war, and had then become so close a friend that he could watch, almost at first hand, the steps in Peter's growth. In the first part of the book Mr. Adamic sometimes gets too much in the way of his story, like the hand of a man negligently operating a magic lantern. Only after a hundred pages does Peter Gale begin to live, in all the moving torment of his doubts. His whole family comes to life with him. His racketeering brother, who does not in the least understand Peter but who loves him with a savage loyalty, is more tangible and dramatic than Peter; so is his cousin Jack, who has a clear vision of a plain duty and will not turn back from it at whatever cost. But the progress of a mind has its drama too, and the ins and outs of Peter's conflict make exciting fiction—as well as stirring history. "Grandsons" is more than a biography of Peter Gale. It is a chronicle of his whole family and of what America has made of them.

One of the technical devices of the book is brilliant. Peter is supposed to be writing the book which in the end Mr. Adamic writes for him, or about him and his kinsmen. The book within the book would never have been as good as "Grandsons." Peter is too much involved, too close to the other persons in the story, too deeply troubled. If he is genuinely articulate at all, it is only when he describes the outward looks of America—a landscape, the color and texture of a city. And even on those occasions he seems now and then to be speaking

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with Louis Adamic's voice rather than with his own. His book is only the central theme which Mr. Adamic enlarges and interprets. That interpretation is at once critical and affectionate. For Mr. Adamic is a devoted American, particularly sensitive to the physical splendor of America and eager to hope great things for it. But he has doctrines about it as well. Once he shared the attitude of H. L. Mencken and regarded the country as an uproarious circus. Now he sees America as a sprawling empire of chaos, in which all the men wander like shadows. Emerson said much the same thing long ago: "America is formless, has no terrible and no beautiful condensation." Emerson was not sure that America could survive. Louis Adamic is not sure. Can it be that each of them has thought of only one of the Americas? And that there is, somehow, a meaning and a durability in all the Americas taken together which no one of them can be seen by any one philosopher to have?

CARL VAN DOREN

Men on the Bottom

Waiting for Nothing. By Tom Kromer. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

TOM KROMER is a good native West Virginian, a working-class boy whose mother wanted the kids to get an education so they wouldn't have to worry about the factory's closing down. The father was coal miner first and then glass-blower till cancer killed him at forty-four, and the mother took his place in the factory. Tom Kromer paid for his three years of college by work in the factory and proof-reading on newspapers. Then he taught in a country school; a glance at statistics will remind us what has happened to rural schools and teachers during the depression. He started hitch-hiking after a job, took to the freights, found no jobs in Kansas or California or New York, found only a jail for vagrants in Washington, and went back home about the time that "people started laughing at you for asking for work." Except for fifteen months in a CCC camp and a few months at odd jobs done for room and board, he has slept and eaten in missions and in jungles, begged on the streets and at house doors, and for three or four years "used every racket known to stiffs to get by." He made notes in the language of the stiffs on the margins of mission tracts or on Bull Durham papers, and once in a while picked words out on a typewriter. Perhaps that was when he shared a dollar-a-week room with his writer friend Karl, who earned two dollars a week carrying garbage out of a restaurant and couldn't sell his stories of starving babies, and his painter friend, Werner, who couldn't keep the hungry look out of the eyes of the people he painted. Kromer thought they might have sold their stuff if they had been willing to take the hungry look out of the eyes of their people, but they said that would have been sacrilege to art. "I do not understand such talk as this." But no eyes could have a hungrier look than those of Tom Kromer's stiffs.

There are twelve episodes, autobiographical except for trifling changes in the sequence of events—episodes grim, repellent, touching, humorous, ribald, tragic. Worse than box-cars, jungles, jails, and flop-houses are the missions, where buttons turn up in the stew; where even such a stew can't be had without the torture and boredom of a sermon—"The trouble with you dear men is that you are away from the blessed saving power of Jesus"—where the only way to sleep without scratching is to spread newspapers over the filthy bunk and hope that if the lice try to crawl out to the edge to reach their victim, they may fall to the floor and break their necks.

Karl and Werner are the only people in the book who even mention revolution. And Kromer sees nothing, or says he sees nothing, in that: "When a stiff's gut's empty, he hasn't the guts to start anything. When his gut is full, he doesn't see any use in raising hell." No red peril in these stiffs. But one remembers Gorki's tramps, his men on the bottom, who, it is said, were later recruited into the Black Hundreds, instruments of the organized mob violence and pogroms of the most vicious reaction.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

"The Name Is Sound and Smoke"

Of Time and the River. By Thomas Wolfe. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

THOMAS WOLFE is what may best be described as a great natural, a man in whom the compulsion to write is so diversely conditioned and magnified that few of the usual criteria seem adequate or necessary for his measure. The profusion of his talent is obvious; he has a magic treasure of language; the size of his narrative load could break the pens of several lesser men; the force of his emotions and the strength of his conviction of the importance of his story arrest attention by their magnitude and urgency alone. Since he is a giant not much is gained by pointing out that so far—this is the second book in a series of six—his material is solely autobiographical; that there is so much of it there is no room for improvisation, no need to make things up; and that its weight is so pressing that there is no leisure for storing, sorting, and labeling. What he writes occurs in no sequence of his planning but as he remembers it. For he is, he tells us, "suspended in a spell of time and memory." The ordinary concerns of style do not affect him, for he uses not one style but many. He gives a cock-of-the-wilderness shout, or chants a dirge to his father, or raises an anthem to America, and begins his book with as flat and factual a sentence as ever Cooper used. Whether he is rhetorical or lyrical, rhapsodical or cheaply journalistic, depends on the way he feels, and it is his feelings, the reflections of the author's temperament, that link the sequences together and fuse the styles into a whole. How great this naturalism is depends ultimately on how convincing and significant Mr. Wolfe can make these feelings which shape and govern it.

In "Look Homeward Angel" a sentiment of grandeur turned Altamont into a dwelling of superhuman creatures. Old Gant was no ordinary stone-cutter with a love for the bottle and oratory. His carousals were bacchanalian, and Eliza's land grabbings were an Olympian obsession. Ben died a hero, and there was no incongruity that people so violently human in their character and deeds should tread like gods, because Mr. Wolfe's wonder of life made a logical inflation. In this book Gene, their youngest son, is beset by a truly Gantian madness, a fury—Mr. Wolfe uses the figure of Orestes—that drives him from home to Harvard, New York, and Europe for five years of wandering in a search for all knowledge, an effort to read all the books ever printed, to encompass life wholly within himself. He must watch his father's slow, tortured death from cancer, scorn Harvard's famed class in dramatic writing, take the measure of the Jewish students in New York and of the wealthy Hudson River families, follow the expected pattern of an American student in Europe, all the time his inner fury driving him relentlessly. He is "caught in the Faustian web," "haunted by the dream of time." All the while he is conducting vast cosmic explorations. A sense of mystery clouds the universe; time becomes an irreducible "magic of now and forever"; vast indefinable emotions surge through him. Only the earth remains certain, only America, "that is the sound and silencer of forever," seems constant.

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Just once after Gant dies and Gene leaves Eliza for good does he meet a figure of Altamont proportions. Bascom is Eliza's brother and receives Mr. Wolfe's relish for the originals of the older generation. The eccentric old man stalks like a gorgeous grotesque. Except for the clear, gentle glimpse of the French peasant in the railroad carriage, no character escapes satiric treatment. Mr. Wolfe's attitude toward his characters has changed. These people contain none of the remembered glamor of Mr. Flood and Dr. McGuire, who are parts of the fabric of his mind and body; they are only milestones, something to experience and go beyond on this frenzied search for "certitude and love." They are not whole characters but cartoons outlined by the threads of the web in which Mr. Wolfe becomes lost.

He is lost in a murky film, in a tangled gossamer of his own emotions. His feelings have got the better of him. Time and again they destroy the truth of his vision. American earth in October can be "a cry, a space, an ecstasy," but not even the magic of Mr. Wolfe's language can transform a World Series ball game into anything as "single, strange, and beautiful as all life, all living, and man's destiny." The exciting animism he believes in at sight of the South Station in Boston, a skyscraper, a de luxe ocean liner is unacceptably exaggerated. His sense of the repeated mystery of every pretty woman he sees, of the deep secrecy included in hospitals and battlefields is puerile. When the darkness of time never loses its allure, when sentiments—too frequent to count—flood over him, leave him engulfed, wordless, overwhelmed but always highly satisfied with them, the suspicion is confirmed. He is mired in the Faustian fallacy. "Feeling is all in all," Faust exclaims, "the name is smoke and fury." The balance of the intellect is outcast. Yet this same balance is Mr. Wolfe's greatest need. It is needed to cut the unnecessary volume of his words, to define and so assure for himself and his reader the why and wherefore of his feelings.

Grounded in this confusion is an admirable and sympathetic talent. Mr. Wolfe is a poet and a realist, supersensitive, receptive, generous, passionate. His scope is enormous and he does possess a faculty to temper the simple, inevitable course of his father's dying, mixing humor, horror, and love into tragedy. He can unobtrusively intimate the scrap of wisdom behind Miss Potter's farce as well as he can convey the torment of Gene's efforts to find himself, the faith of youth in its own high destiny. No more vitalizing talent has appeared in America this century. It still sprawls under the impact of its bulk and fresh immediacy, but there is as yet no reason to suppose that it does not contain its own corrective.

FLORENCE CODMAN

A Novel That Is Not Fiction

Lean Men. By Ralph Bates. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

WHEN a man sits down to write a story with scrupulous honesty of fact and emotion, he undertakes a fearful job. When, moreover, he has two stories to tell, one personal and another social, involving many men, a whole city, and a whole people, he faces problems of craftsmanship which few precedents can help him to solve. This technical difficulty explains most of the defects in Ralph Bates's strange story "Lean Men." Apparently also it was not quite clear to the author that he had two stories to tell, and that he faced a problem of form, the same problem Dos Passos has wrestled with and Werfel thought to solve when he cast "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" as a romantic epic. Furthermore, Bates was groping toward the thing that nearly every writer with his eyes on today and his social sympathies with tomorrow wants to achieve, and that is writing cut so close to the pattern of actual events and living people that the line between it and good history blurs.

Because Bates has solved none of these problems his book is very hard to read. It is the story of a man pulled in two directions—toward the literary-artistic world in England and toward the workers' world in Barcelona. It is also the story of the workers of Barcelona during the two or three years of struggle leading up to the overthrow of Alfonso. I know of no writing about modern Spain as authentic and as moving as some of Bates's stories of strikes, or of meetings, or of some individual worker's problems within this setting. There is, for example, a poet with many other jobs to do: on the docks, earning a living; in the meeting club, for political purposes; in his home, studying and thinking hard to acquire intellectual tools and to clear his mind of trash. He and the other characters in the book are shown in their normal routine, rather than, as usual in labor novels, at some dramatic peak in labor history.

There is a good deal of clumsy and monotonous writing in the book, and the story itself is unresolved and unsatisfactory, for the author apparently did not think through its implications, social, political, or aesthetic. Somehow or other the Spanish republic arises when the most advanced workers in Barcelona are unprepared for it; it catches them by surprise, and they are not sure, if Bates's own mind is a fair sample, of just what has happened and what they may expect next, and what they can do to gain the power for which they are struggling. The "I" of the book, presumably Bates himself, is a Communist organizer, appallingly naive and confused. The implications of the situation greatly resemble the tragic impasse Malraux described for China in "Man's Fate." In "Lean Men" it appears only as the raw material of tragedy. Indeed, the book is richest as raw material, which the reader must shape and clear into drama himself. That fact makes it hard to read; yet its honesty, its strange, uncomfortable simplicity reveal the promise of a fine writer. "Lean Men" is worth the time of other writers at least, and of people with enough sympathy to temper an inevitable impatience.

ANITA BRENNER

Two Novels About Musicians

No Quarter Given. By Paul Horgan. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Cast Down the Laurel. By Arnold Gingrich. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

ARNOLD GINGRICH, *Esquire's* live-wire editor, has recently put forth a rather bad novel which invites comparison with Paul Horgan's "No Quarter Given," an ineffectual novel published earlier in the season. The comparison is only superficial: the books are alike in that they both deal with music and musicians and, in a general way, with the problems of the artist, but in method, in taste, in intellection, in style they are immensely dissimilar. "Cast Down the Laurel," the Gingrich opus, is a cheap, slick, machine-made job, while "No Quarter Given" is a serious novel, overwritten, clumsy, undigested, but aspiring.

Gingrich's hero is Karel Telec, a musical perfectionist, who found his best performances so discrepant with the music his mind played for him that he forsook the concert stage at the height of his career to found a music school in a Middle Western town. There he deteriorated, infected others with his aesthetic malady, and at last died. This story is told in three ways. First, there is a rough, jumbled account of the real Telec set down by an advertising man who knew him,

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for the use of a novelist friend; then comes the novel the friend wrote; and finally there are the advertising man's sardonic comments upon the novel. Now the novel itself, which occupies the bulk of the book, is unreal, melodramatic, and excessively vulgar, and all the face-saving apologies which Mr. Gingrich voices through his character, the advertising man, cannot make it any better. If these apologies are sincere —and not, as I suspect, mere polite deprecation—Mr. Gingrich should have spared us "Apollo's Young Widow." We are all quite willing to believe that a man can write a bad book; we should have taken Mr. Gingrich's word for it; 158 pages of evidence were quite unnecessary.

Considered together with "Cast Down the Laurel," "No Quarter Given" seems better than it is. Mr. Gingrich is a smart literary salesman, and he gives no indication that he will ever be anything else. Mr. Horgan, on the other hand, can write. Formless and inconclusive as his novel is, it displays talent which may, in some future novel, be pared and sharpened into brilliance. At the moment Mr. Horgan's methods are too often oblique, his perceptions too often clouded, for his novel to impinge on the reader with that poignant sense of reality which its author intends it to have. For the greater part of the book the characters seem to be cased in semi-opaque glass. Occasionally an episode breaks through, to stand out in such intense relief that the rest of the book is cast into shadow. Thus, in the life of Edmund Abbey, whose story Mr. Horgan tells, it is not his early death in New Mexico, not his unsatisfactory marriage, not his career in music, not his desperate dying love affair, that are important and memorable. When the novel is finished two scenes remain clear, and both are incidents out of his boyhood: the drowning of a boy at a summer camp, and an appendectomy performed without anaesthesia in a cabin in the Canadian woods. In the same way, major characters are so blurred as to be nearly invisible, and people of secondary plot importance eclipse them altogether. Edmund Abbey and his mistress, Maggie Michaelis, are dissected, analyzed, endlessly discussed, yet never perfectly understood or completely projected, while a precocious adolescent boy and an old Mexican woman are dealt with in a more summary but far more incisive fashion. If Mr. Horgan can learn to direct his talent, to canalize his forces, his next novel may have a clear and powerful unity. Here he has been the victim of a capricious genius which has pulled his book sadly askew.

MARY MCCARTHY

Notes on Fiction

Light from Arcturus. By Mildred Walker. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

This pleasant, unremarkable novel centers about three world's fairs. In 1876 Julia Hauser was spending a placid, unromantic honeymoon at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, finding in the fair itself the gaiety, richness, and adventure which her marriage lacked. For seventeen years thereafter, while she bore children and watched her husband prosper in a flat Nebraska town, Julia was homesick for the fair and for comparatively cosmopolitan Chicago, until the great Chicago fair of 1893 became the very lodestone of her life. To go to the fair, to immerse herself and her children in its multiform activity, Julia exerted all the force of a soft but inflexible will. Her husband, perplexed and kindly, was wrenched away from a thriving produce business in a growing Middle Western town, and the family went to the fair. The change drained Max Hauser's pocket-book, broke his spirit, and ruined his life, but the children were happy, and his wife lived to be a gay and nimble grandmother at the 1933 fair. Miss Walker

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tells this simple tale with understanding, spirit, and a decent regard for the rules of English syntax. It is not an important or striking novel, but it is unpretentious and often charming.

The Doctor's Son. By John O'Hara. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

No one who has read "Appointment in Samarra" need trouble to investigate "The Doctor's Son," John O'Hara's new collection of short stories. Nothing is said in any of the stories which was not conveyed, either directly or by implication, in that best-selling novel. Those who are not already familiar with Mr. O'Hara's work will discover in "The Doctor's Son" the happy colloquialism, the superficial bite, the easy irony, the inverted sentimentality, that have made Mr. O'Hara a literary personality, if nothing else. They may find, too, in the midst of the author's verbal posturing, a frequent, curious mingling of snobbery and covert self-pity, which suggests that Mr. O'Hara could, with more grace, have carried his private frustrations to a psychologist. At any rate, it is to be hoped that Mr. O'Hara will refrain from publishing another volume until he has had a new set of experiences or a miraculous broadening of spirit.

Land of Promise. By Leo Lania. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Had Leo Lania's novel, "Land of Promise," been published here a year ago, it might well have created a considerable stir. Now, however, the professionally tender-hearted American public has grown weary of the woes of German Jews, and novels which deal with the Jewish problem are out of fashion. Consequently, Mr. Lania's book has had but small notice, and this is a pity since it excels a number of its popular forerunners, which did little more than pose the problem in its crudest symbolic terms. "Land of Promise" has to do with Jews, deluded Jews of all classes, from the little refugees to whom Germany was a haven from war-time pogroms in the Ukraine to the Jewish financiers and moneyed intellectuals who fancied that their wealth protected them from race persecution. In the end, however, all differences are leveled. With the collapse of Social Democracy, Jews in ghettoes and Jews in villas together fall victim to a single-minded Nazi violence. Mr. Lania's novel is not wholly good: it is sometimes hysterical, sometimes immature; occasionally it seems to be no novel but a medley of ill-assorted prose styles. Yet its sense of character, its vigor and variety entitle it to a larger public than it has reached.

Odin Grows Up. By Olav Duun. Translated from the Norwegian by Arthur G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
The Storm. By Olav Duun. Translated from the Norwegian by Arthur G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

In "Odin Grows Up" and "The Storm" we have the final third of Olav Duun's six-volume saga, "The People of Juvik." And it is none too soon. When a chronicle of fictitious characters becomes so involved in generations and abounding descendants as to require a family tree planted firmly in the front of the book for reference, it is time to consider whether so much fictitious complication is worth while. When whole volumes follow each other like serial instalments, with synopses of their predecessors for necessitous foreword, sprouting interest is nipped in the leaf. Whatever may be true of this Norwegian saga in the original—we must be tender with authors of translated works—no sustained picture of Norwegian temper and life shines through the English version. To one who has had the exhilarating experience of sitting with an Archer translation of Ibsen in hand while an exasperated Norwegian friend translated freely from the original text, there are pages in plenty throughout this English rendering

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of the saga of Juvik which make for contemplative pause. They seem streaked—as Archer streaked Ibsen—with English sentimentality superimposed on Norse irony.

Hacienda. By Katherine Anne Porter. Harrison of Paris. Numbered edition limited to 895 copies. $3.

A trio of Russians, business-managed by an American, making a Mexican movie is the "entirely fictional" situation that Katherine Anne Porter uses in her story "Hacienda." It is a tale like a rapier—cool, gleaming, edged. Dangerous, too, because many people will think they recognize the people and the events. The persons skewered by Miss Porter are the weak and brutal foreign business man and the native demagogue, his ally fundamentally, who calls himself a revolutionary in order to prevent revolution and trade upon it. The novel is the story of a feudal estate crumbling, giving off fantastic phosphorescences and a deadly smell. But Kennerly, the business man, is symbolic of another, historically later, decadence. Vigorous people creating art against that background are painful and disturbing, and this is the mood of Miss Porter's story. The shortness of the book is unsatisfactory, for the material and the implications—and the manner—are not slight at all. Indeed, "Hacienda" ought to be the first, or the last, chapter of a memorable novel. But it is worth reading as it stands.

Drama

Man's Fate

"PANIC,"* Archibald MacLeish's poetic drama of the depression, was given three performances at the Imperial Theater last week. Mr. MacLeish, of course, is regarded with grave suspicion by the more orthodox radicals, and it is not likely that the present play will serve to mollify those who accuse him of doctrinal ambiguities. His banker, symbol of the reigning order, finally succumbs to fear and to fate, but the concluding chorus of forgotten men has obviously a dramatic rather than a didactic function. Those exasperated partisans who are equally impatient with intellectual doubts and artistic detachment will continue to ask whether he is with them or against them, and "Panic" will serve only to add more fuel to the fires of an already flaming controversy.

The explanation is, I think, that the author remains more a poet than a teacher. By that I do not mean that he uses detachment or impartiality as a dramatic or rhetorical device; that he presents "both sides" because he thinks that by so doing he increases the technical effectiveness of his play. What I do mean is simply that he, as a poet, is more moved by an emotional realization of the situation itself than by any intellectual conviction concerning the way in which it could or should be met. The apparent collapse of a long-established order has become, willy-nilly, the thing of which he, as a poet, is most acutely aware. It is, if you will, the subject which cursed spite has imposed upon him. But that does not change the fact that his awareness is still primarily the awareness of a poet. What he broods upon is the situation itself; his chief object is to penetrate its emotional meaning; and if he seeks at times to understand it intellectually also, that is primarily in order that he may feel it more acutely.

The ultimate result of this fact is to make "Panic" a play which is far more "classic" than "revolutionary." The group scenes which alternate with the scenes in the banker's office are really choruses; the theme, like the theme of the most typical Greek tragedies, is doom; even the central character is a classical hero—the strong man whom fate overtakes

* "Panic." By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

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because even the strongest man is not strong enough to resist that. Man, says the play, has met many dooms at many times —war, pestilence, and famine. These he has learned to conquer or at least to understand; and by understanding he has stripped them of that special kind of terror which only the unknown and the ununderstood can have. But time and the gods were only biding their hour, and a new doom has been pronounced. No one knows where it comes from, no one knows exactly what it is, and so no one knows how it may be resisted. Banks close, chimneys cease to smoke, farms lie idle. No one wills it and no one knows how the onrushing paralysis is to be arrested. The banker first blusters and then cowers beside the inexorably clicking tape; in the streets the fear-stricken crowd either thrills to the names of the great or is hypnotized by the words of the proletarian prophet who sees an apocalyptic vision of the new day. But time and fate are bigger than either, and it will be time and fate, not bankers or proletarians, who will decide what the end shall be:

> Blight—not on the grain!
> Drouth—not in the springs!
> Rot—not from the rain!
>
> What shadow hidden or
> Unseen hand in our midst
> Ceaselessly touches our faces?

Mr. MacLeish's verse, as the quotation will illustrate, is firm and strong. It is also rather surprisingly speakable and the whole drama is somberly impressive. Yet, for all that, it is not likely to be appreciated unless the persistent intention is understood and accepted. No cause, I think, is promoted; nothing could be farther from winning any justification on the basis of the theory that art is a weapon. The play deals, to be sure, with what are sometimes invidiously described as "important" topics. Its theme is society, and "economic conditions" constitute at least a considerable part of its subject matter. Yet its end is not action but realization, and the moral is not Marxian but Aeschylean: man's fate is still on the lap of the gods.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Studio Idyl

FOR those who cherish the notion that King Vidor is to be taken seriously as a director, one of the few really serious Hollywood directors, "The Wedding Night" is going to be a hard case to defend. Like most of this director's other pictures, the film at the Rivoli is, to be sure, rather more pretentious than the average Hollywood production. As the suggestion was made in "The Big Parade" that modern warfare has its unpleasant features, in "The Crowd" that economic pressure can be the cause of marital maladjustments, and in "Our Daily Bread" that social and economic conditions throughout the country have reached a crisis, so here the thought is thrown out that the real solution for the distinguished neuroses of our pent-house novelists is a return to the soil. A member of the lost generation suffering from a dissipating talent and a grasping wife, the writer in the story makes his way back to Connecticut and there almost immediately recovers his inspiration in the person of the young daughter of a neighboring Polish farmer. Of course there is the difficulty that he is a married man, but on top of this it turns out that the girl is betrothed to a young farmer of her own race, and the conflict is only resolved after a great deal of chauvinistic American speech-making and a thoroughgoing American slugging-match. It is in

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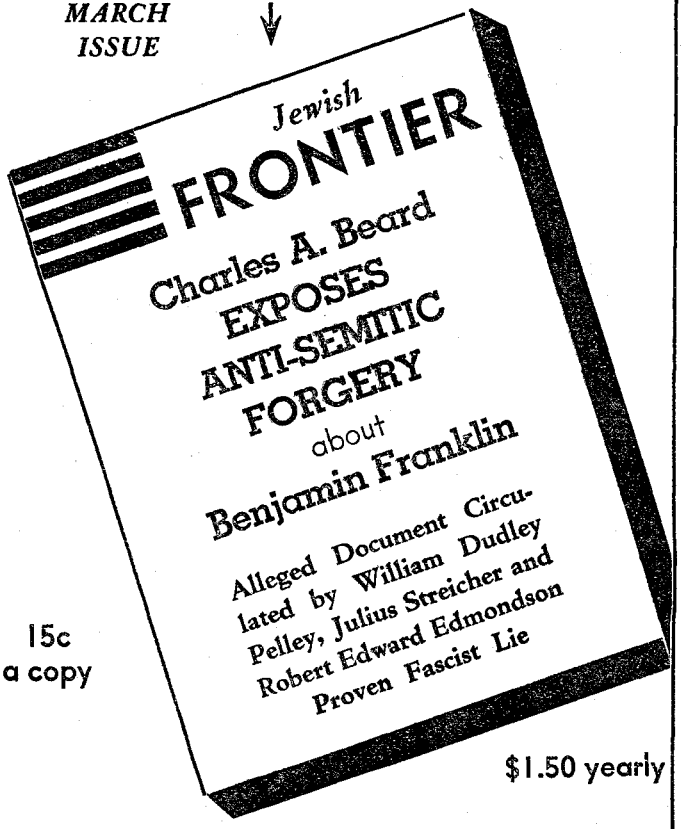

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the course of the latter that the Dorothea of the idyl falls downstairs and brings both herself and an embarrassing moral situation to an end. While it is true that such a theme and subject are not in themselves entirely incapable of interesting treatment, it must be admitted that they offer almost insuperable difficulties to both director and audience. For the audience it is naturally a little hard to stifle recollections of the old stock-company tradition of the traveling man and the milkmaid. (At least one New York audience was unable to refrain from some quite audible titters and snickering in certain scenes.) And for the director it is perhaps the acid test in sincerity. What is required, of course, is a realistic simplicity of treatment that will correspond at every step to the fundamental simplicity of the theme. Unfortunately, such undeviating honesty of treatment is no more attained in the present picture than in any of the other pictures that King Vidor has made in recent years. The lone cow in the milking scene no more succeeds in making it a tragic idyl of country life than the celebrated manure pile in "The Big Parade" made that film an eloquent indictment of war. The pastoral note registers distinctly tinny on the sound-truck; and the tragedy blanches under the Klieg lights. Nor has Mr. Vidor's task been lightened by a cast which includes Gary Cooper and Anna Sten in the principal roles. Mr. Cooper continues to be one of those players who can endow even the most casual remark, such as "I want to sit down" or "It's snowing outside," with a preternatural phoniness. And it is now clear that it is a mistaken kindness to regard Anna Sten's frozen make-up as the outward sign of an inward Chekhovian restraint. In short, the picture represents a "compromise between Mr. Vidor, the realist, and Mr. Goldwyn, the romantic," as one of the newspaper critics puts it. But for the benefit of those who believe that such compromises are rarely "satisfying" this prefatory adjective is left out of the description.

Of the two French-language films which have come to town the rendering of "Liliom" (Cameo) by the exiled German director Fritz Lang is the superior. Despite the triteness of the backgrounds, the insufficient stylization of the heaven scenes, and the sluggish tempo of the second half, the pictures take on distinction through Charles Boyer's consistently honest playing and Lang's admirable direction. "La Crise Est Finie" (Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse) is an attempt to inject a little spurious optimism into the cinema market by relating the antics of a theatrical troupe which comes to Paris and storms the town with a musical show directed against the depression. By a monotonous repetition of the title throughout, the director has hoped to induce a mesmeric state in which these antics will be found entertaining and the theme convincing. Except for a few crass comedy bits here and there, they do not succeed. "Roberta" (Radio City Music Hall), the only musical film to which this column has exposed itself in recent weeks, owes all of its entertainment value, which is considerable, to the personality and dancing talents of Fred Astaire. For the sake of his incomparable feet the interruptions of the Alice Duer Miller romance, including the parade of fashion models and white Russian émigrés in Paris, may be quite easily endured.

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